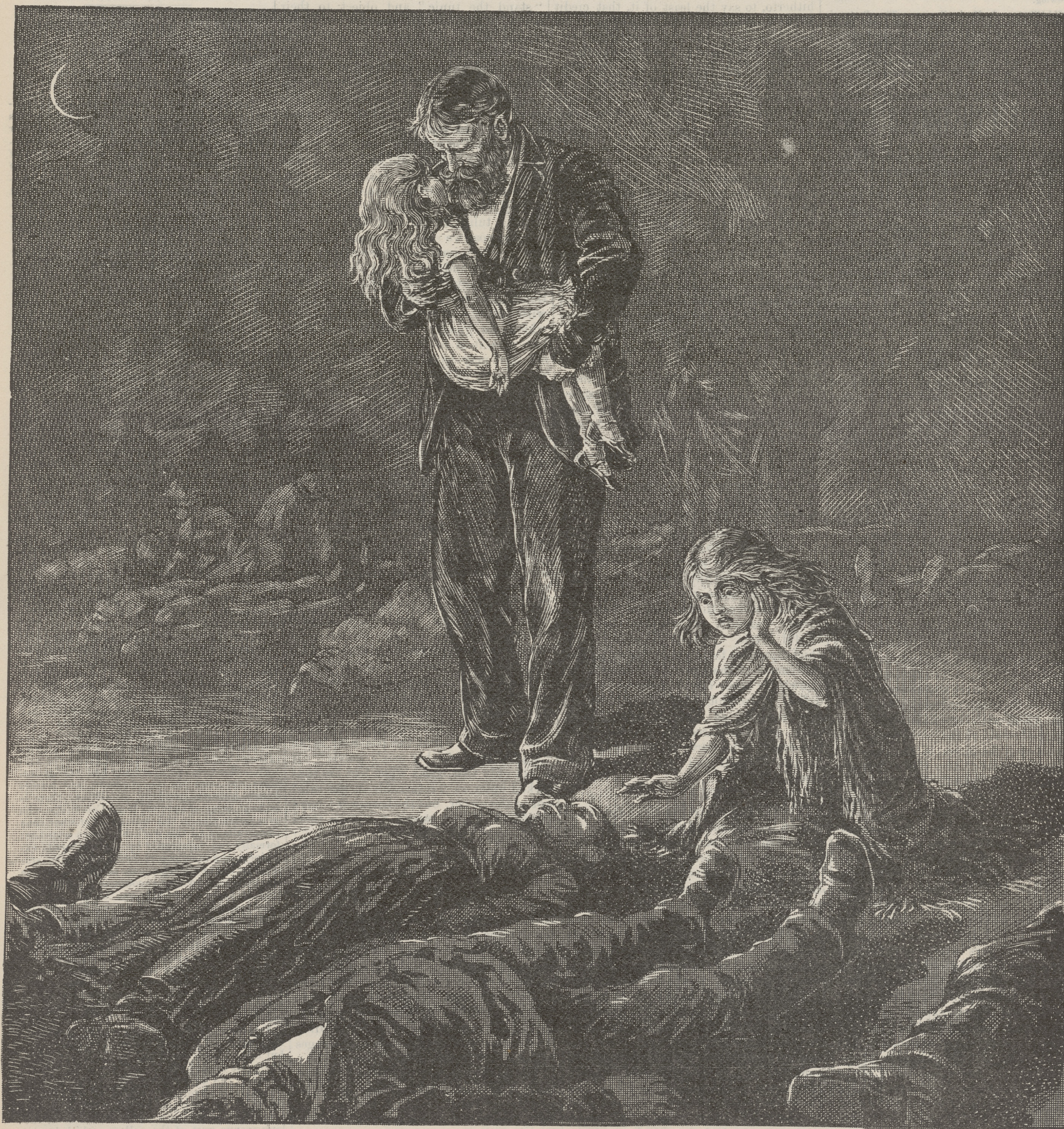


London Illustrated News

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THE LONDON DISASTER.—A FATHER'S DARLING.—(SEE PAGE 371.)

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

June 5th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 73°	53°	63°	Mon.. 67°	51°	59°
Tues.. 74°	54°	64°	Tues.. 71°	51°	61°
Wed.. 68°	48°	58°	Wed.. 66°	61°	63° 5
Thur.. 74°	68°	71°	Thur.. 64°	56°	60°
Fri.. 74°	48°	61°	Fri.. 69°	55°	62°
Sat.. 73°	53°	63°	Sat.. 68°	58°	63°
Sun.. 71°	50°	60° 5	Sun.. 70°	53°	61° 5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 11th, 1881.

THE WEEK

THE inauguration of the DE SALABERRY statue will have taken place before this is read, and promises to be highly successful in all its details. Much disappointment is felt in this city over the loss of the statue to Montreal, and a scheme has been mooted for procuring a replica for our city, to which, however, we are not prepared to give in our allegiance at present at all events. Replicas are at best unsatisfactory things for many reasons, and the time for Montreals to lay claim to the statue has past. Meanwhile we can unite to do homage to the gallant soldier whose memorial will be honoured in our hearts wherever else his effigy may find a resting place.

A CERTAIN preacher of the Episcopal Methodist church, who shall be nameless, has lately entertained his congregation with an account of a remarkable document entitled "Acts Pilate" (sic) which purports to be an official report of the crucifixion, made by Pilate to Tiberius-Cæsar; the genuineness of which "is proved by the published testimony of the Apostolic Fathers and early defenders of Christianity." If we are to take the newspaper report of the address in question as correct, the enthusiasm of the preacher over this remarkable and novel discovery was unbounded. So ready ever are the blind to lead the blind with but little variation on the original result of the performance. It will probably be news to the reverend gentleman that the "Acta Pilati" hitherto discovered are myriad. Every scholar knows the tendency to literary forgery which prevailed in the early ages of the Church, and the countless spurious documents to which it gave rise. Among these naturally Pilate's report offered an excellent subject for the not over scrupulous scribes of either party to exercise their wits upon. Such a document probably existed, at any rate it ought to have existed if it did not, and the obvious course in those days was to manufacture anything of testimony which might be wanting and thought desirable. This course was not confined to either party, and while the Pagan experts put into Pilate's mouth various anti-Christian and otherwise reprehensible sentiments, the Christian party, on the principle of the end justifying the means, concocted several very pretty specimens of composition in which the Governor was made to speak as he ought to have done, if he didn't, and supplemented their account of his literary labours by tradition as to his life;

converted him to Christianity, and brought him after a most exemplary life of piety and penitence to a truly edifying end. Some even allowed him the crown of martyrdom, in memory of which the Albanian Church retains his name in the calendar as one of the saints whom she delights to honour. So much for traditional "Acts" of Pilate. The one in question bears the most undoubted marks of its spurious origin even in the lines quoted in the report, and all that have been discovered so far have been unanimously condemned by the authority of our best scholars. This apart, there is something amusing in the complacency with which a minister can take for his subject a document of the history and traditions of which he knows nothing beyond what he finds in the notes accompanying the text, and pronounce with all the authority of his position upon testimony unknown to him until yesterday, but which has been in the hands of scholars for upwards of twenty years, and has not received hitherto, to say the least of it, that credit which he would accord to it of his own lack of inquiry. It is gratifying to learn that the preacher declared in conclusion that he did not personally need this testimony to confirm him in his belief in the authenticity of the Scriptures. It would fare ill, we imagine, with any one who did. Verily a little learning is a dangerous thing.

FOR the first time the English Blue Ribbon of the turf has been carried away by an American horse, and our neighbours on the other side are jubilant thereat. Six American horses have up to this time been entered for the Derby, but Mr. LORILLARD'S colt is the first that has ever been placed. Curiously enough in spite of the good form the colt had shewn, and the fact of his having the proverbially lucky jockey, FRED ARCHER, on his back, "Iroquois" found little real support outside his own stable, but his friends are reported to have netted an enormous stake, though less than would have passed to this side of the water had his compatriot "Barrett" held his place. As it is the Americans have reason to be congratulated on their success. In connection with which remark it is instructive to notice the difference in the tone in which the English and American papers speak of the event. While the utterances of the press on this side are filled with vain glorious boasting and ill-natured comparisons, the London sporting papers frankly acknowledge that the best horse has won, and with the same generosity with which they behaved on the occasion of HANLAN'S victory, honestly congratulate their successful rivals. Indeed all who see the chief argument for horse racing in the improvement of the breed of horses will acknowledge the actual gain of such a defeat. "Iroquois" is, though bred in this country, of English thoroughbred stock, and the successful breeding from that stock in all parts of the world is to England's credit and her direct advantage.

WE are glad to see that the suggestions thrown out by Sir HUGH ALLAN, at the recent banquet given to him and his brother, as to the propriety of some acknowledgment of the services of the late Hon. JOHN YOUNG in the cause of ocean navigation, has not fallen upon idle ears. The matter has been warmly taken up and upwards of twelve hundred dollars have been already subscribed for the erection of a monument to his memory. There is scarcely any name to which we can point in the commercial history of Montreal, more deserving of the proposed memorial than that of the Hon. JOHN YOUNG, and we trust that Montreal will shew her sense of gratitude to one who has done so much for her, by endeavouring to make this tribute to his memory in every way worthy as well of one of her most honoured citizens, as of the city whose prosperity he had so much at heart throughout his life.

THIS is an age of societies, and the but recently emancipated fair have taken kindly to this custom among men from the first. A "Rational Dress Society" is the last effort of the ladies of London in this direction. It is not quite clear what special objects the society will devote itself to. It is to be composed of ladies who cannot dress rationally without its aid, or is it intended as a measure of coercion to those Philistines outside its ranks who persist in irrationality, society or no society? Moreover what is a rational costume and who is to be the judge of it? Probably at no period of history has the latitude in costume been so wide as far as ladies are concerned as it is to-day, and every fair can array herself in such wise as to her seems reasonable. The clever ones can, as it is, "in their attire show their wit," while with those who have no such wit to show, the *dicto* of a society like the present will have presumably but little weight. To be sure there are hundreds who like Mr. Potts' in *Pickwick* will not "stand the tunic," and object to their wives displaying too freely the charms which nature has bestowed upon them, and it is possibly against these that the new society intends to fulminate. Meanwhile we trust that to dress "more rationally" is not synonymous with "to dress like men." We have too much billycock and too much ulster as it is. The costume of the men of to-day is not so satisfying to the male soul that it will bear imitation for its intrinsic worth. Even the "aesthetic" movement has failed to help our sex further than to permit us to put a tulip in the buttonhole of that evening coat we still must wear, and even this privilege implies a martyrdom which few care to undergo. And the "absurd black chimney pot" which has no foundation in reason or art still holds its ground with many other like fashions under which we groan. If ladies must dress like men it is to be hoped that we in our turn may have the privilege granted us to array us in such guise as we in our turn may deem "rational." But the time is not yet come, nor the man.

A HEARTRENDING appeal by a popular clergyman to his friends in the columns of a London journal will find an echo in many a heart. The friends in question are requested to return to him certain volumes which they have borrowed and the exact locality of which he is presumably unable to fix. The ill-fate of those who lend their books has become proverbial. The recognized laws of *meum* and *tuum* do not seem to have any application in the eyes of most men to their friends' literary property. When we were at school we can remember writing "stolen from" before our name on the fly leaf of many treasured volume, but volume and inscription alike often proved fleeting in spite of precautions. Many a book must, if it be in the land of the living, still of its own authority brand the possessor as an "appropriator of other men's goods." It is not only that books when lent are thus looked upon as "returnable at pleasure" not of the owner, but the borrower; but a persistent ill luck seems to follow them when away from their owner's shelves.

Tel est le triste sort de tout livre prêté
Souvent il est perdu, toujours il est gâté.

Elijah saved the credit of the young prophet who had come to grief over his borrowed axe-head, but there are none of his ilk now-a-days to repair the ill-doing of those who borrow and lose, or borrow and spoil, to replace the books which the children tear up, or the housemaid takes to light the fire. Books, especially in modern bindings, are frail and delicate, and yet it is the borrower we see reading close to an open fire, or cutting the pages with his fore finger.

For those borrowers who borrow to read there is at least some excuse; for those who return after reading and without being asked—well we never met one. But the most inexcusable as well as the most common case is that of the klepto-

maniac, for he is little else, who cannot see a new book on a friend's table without wishing to borrow it, and who for months after has never even opened its pages. The idea of reading the book occurs to him only less seldom than the idea of returning it to its owner.

There is more to say but little space to say it in the compass of a newspaper article. Bad, horribly bad are they who, like Coleridge, make notes in the books they borrow. Bad, though perhaps excusable, those who like Professor Mammens, after borrowing MSS. of great value, allow their houses to catch fire and throw the original owners into transports of grief at the loss of their treasures. There is a warning in these things as in most in life. Do not lend your books save upon occasion and with due distinctions, but above all,—and, if the second rule were universally followed, there would be no need of the first—do not borrow, less a worse fate befall you than the present editorial censure.

ENGLISH WOMEN'S COLLEGES.

GIRTON AND NEWNHAM.

By a Cambridge M.A.

Cambridge has been recently the scene of considerable excitement, occasioned our lady readers may be interested to learn, by the claims of their own sex. For some time the idea of female education has been very visibly before the eyes of the University, presenting itself in the form of two additional colleges, and more than a hundred young ladies; and now a proposal to admit these students formally to the honour examinations of the University has been adopted by the overwhelming majority of three hundred and ninety-eight to thirty-two.

Now that this new position has been officially conceded to Girton and Newnham, it may be interesting to our readers to have some sketch of these colleges. The elder of the two is Girton, which was opened in 1869. The buildings, either from economical reasons, or perhaps from feminine timidity on the part of its founders, were erected nearly two miles from Cambridge, on the Huntingdon Road, or *Via Devana*. Many virtues may possibly be implanted in the mind by the contemplation of the relics of old Rome, and directness and business-like habits may perhaps be unconsciously promoted, but the feeling of beauty, we imagine, is not much stimulated in the students by the flat straight line of telegraph poles, skirting a cemetery and threatening one of the most squalid suburbs of Cambridge. The site of the college is also dreary enough, a bare field having been pitched upon by the side of the road, and ten years has added hardly anything in point of picturesqueness; the trees and shrubs are not happy in their soil, and even the ivy does not appear to be vigorous. The buildings themselves are well designed, and are in the French chateau style, in dark red brick. These form two sides of a square, in which the hall and chief rooms face the road at some little distance; a wing, which approaches it, having been added subsequently. The size of the building can be gathered from the number of the inmates; these exceed fifty, each of whom have two rooms about equal to the average rooms occupied by the undergraduates at Cambridge. The hall, library, and lecture-rooms are in fair proportion. The students are rarely received before the age of eighteen; before entering an examination has to be passed, and it is expected of each that real interest shall be taken in the studies of the University. The course, as in the case of undergraduates, takes about three years, half of which time, in terms of about eight weeks each, is spent at the college. Many of the university and college lectures are open to the students, and besides female lecturers resident at Girton, there is quite an array of lecturers from Cambridge who give instruction in the college. For some time the results of all this work have been tested informally and voluntarily by the University examiners, the same papers being set to the students as to the undergraduate candidates. These results have been very encouraging. During the first ten years about forty-one Girton students have passed the standard for the B.A. degree, and thirty-one have passed in honours; eleven in classics, nine in mathematics, seven in natural sciences, three in moral sciences, and one in history.

Some of our readers may remember the sensation caused by the extraordinary success of one of these students, who last year was pronounced equal to the eight in the first class in mathematics.

Newnham, the young sister, a rival of Girton, dates from 1875, in which year a rather plain, but business-like building, in the Queen Anne style, was erected by an association formed to promote the higher education of women. In this case the error was avoided of placing the college at an inconvenient distance from Cambridge, and a pretty site was chosen close to the long avenue west of the college, which is one of the most beautiful features of the place. The object of the founders was rather to provide re-

sidences, supervision and instruction for female students, than to prescribe, as at Girton, a course of studies identical with those of undergraduates. Selected candidates were, at the same time, encouraged to compete in the honour examinations with results as satisfactory as at Girton. In the first six years twenty-two honours were gained in the various examinations; three in mathematics, four in classics, five in moral sciences, four in natural sciences, and six in history. Encouraged by these results, and by the demand made upon them by candidates for admission, the association have now erected a second building, so that together about seventy students are housed. The arrangements seem to be on a more economical scale than at Girton, and single rooms are the rule. The charge for board and instruction is also less; that at Newnham being seventy-five guineas a year. In both colleges many advantages are offered to deserving students in the form of scholarships, and of other pecuniary assistance when required.

The social life of the students is not very different from that of undergraduates. There are the regular lectures in or outside the college, the recreation and meals in common, with considerable freedom allowed in the employment of their leisure. Too much praise cannot be given to those ladies directly responsible for the supervision of the students, and the success of this very novel institution in a place like Cambridge is mainly due to the tact and good sense of these managers. Considerable prejudice existed at first against the experiment, and failure was freely prophesied. If the chief characteristics of the students had been other than what they have been seen to be—steady and unobtrusive work—and if the *trop de zèle* which might have been unduly developed by the novelty of the situation had not been judiciously kept in hand, we may be sure that the two colleges would not have received so readily the recognition of their merits from such a conservative body as the University of Cambridge. The students have strictly maintained among themselves a wholesome public opinion—they have had the *esprit de corps* of pioneers—many, probably the majority, looked forward to educational careers, to which success at the University would readily lead; none, at any rate, were there, like so many young fellows at Oxford and Cambridge, almost avowedly idling some of the best years of their lives away. Whatever dangers may befall Girton and Newnham in the future, if success should bring with it its attendant evils—if, especially it should ever become as fashionable for young ladies to go to college as it now is for young men—there can at least be no doubt that all dangers have been successfully avoided hitherto. Mrs. Grundy, who is as powerful at Cambridge as elsewhere, has even acquiesced in the *fait accompli*.

That the course of training is healthy is attested by the evidence of one of the chief physicians in Cambridge, who stated in a recent public discussion on the subject that he knew of no instance of harm to brain or body having occurred to any student who had distinguished herself in the University examinations, and that the chief evils caused to girls by the strain of mental work at home, when combined with social requirements, were in his opinion avoided by residence at the University. As far as can be observed within so short a time the subsequent careers of students, who have passed through Girton and Newnham, have been impressed for good by the training there received. Some of them are usefully employed in the education of others; some are busied quietly at home; many of them have married happily. All speak with affection of their college days, and are conscious of having derived from them wider sympathies and interests and a more extended knowledge than would otherwise have been open to them. This testimony is very valuable, as there must be many girls to whom Girton and Newnham may prove of equal service, and who may have the opportunity of availing themselves of the advantages they offer. Many of course have duties elsewhere, and especially at home; but there are others on whom no such imperative call is made, and to these residence at one of the colleges may well be recommended. The old prejudices against female education are now fast disappearing; girls are not turned into blue stockings of the old offensive type any more than boys necessarily become prigs and pedants after similar studies at the University. Neither need the true sphere of woman be interfered with at all. People who expect to find specimens of the "emancipated female" to be common at Cambridge, must look elsewhere for their ideal. Had it been otherwise, failure on the part of Girton and Newnham would be a very different verdict pronounced upon their work than that just delivered by the University. —*Court Journal*.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LONDON DISASTER.—Last week we published full particulars of this terrible occurrence with such illustrations as we were enabled to procure in the short time which elapsed between the accident itself and our going to press. These we now supplement by further drawings sent from the scene of the disaster. On the front page our artist has illustrated a scene which has been commented upon in so many of the daily papers, the recovery of his darling child by an almost heart-broken father and his refusal to surrender his dead to the ordinary methods of conveyance, bearing her away clasped in his

arms. On another page are some scenes of the gloomy morrow on which the undertakers were taxed beyond their power to provide coffins for the dead. These incidents are from sketches by Mr. W. L. Judson of London. Yet another page gives the portraits of the crew of the *Victoria*, and some landscape sketches by the same artist of the scenery about Spring bank, whence the ill-fated voyagers were bound homeward when the accident happened. On Thursday the people paid the last sad rite of love for the dead. The streets were filled with a vast funeral procession. The Mayor's proclamation asking the citizens to hold the day sacred to the sorrowful duties which devolve upon them has had the effect of closing the places of business almost without exception. The morning trains were met at the station by numbers of citizens to meet those coming to take part in the obsequies of some dead relative or friend. The crowds on the streets grew larger and larger as the hours grew later, just as on other days, except that the absence of the hurry and bustle of the beginning of an ordinary business day, would impress even a casual stranger with the belief that this was an extraordinary occasion. Here and there, on different streets, were to be seen small collections of vehicles standing in front of houses marked with the insignia of the destroyer. The gloom of the disaster of the 24th is over everything. The terrible nature of the calamity is told in brief by fearfully suggestive words, in the middle of the long account of the loss given by one of the morning papers, where a paragraph says: "A car load of coffins arrived per G. W. R. yesterday." Could words say more. Notwithstanding that so many hearses came in from different parts of the adjoining country the idea of procuring one is in many cases not to be thought of, and all sorts of vehicles were pressed into the service of bearing the remains to the various cemeteries. Vehicles of any kind were absolutely unprocureable at any price, and even at nine o'clock some of the hack horses looked worn out, having been driving since early morning. All morning funerals were starting from different parts of the city. Services proceeded in many cases simultaneously at different graves in different parts of the same burial ground. Where so many were called upon to mourn their own dead the number attending each funeral, except in one or two cases was necessarily small, but nothing could be more solemn or impressive than the manner in which the last rites are observed.

OUR illustrations represent the mournful procession which filed through almost every street in the town throughout Thursday afternoon. Another sketch taken on the previous day gives the delivery of the coffins as they arrived and were carted off to their destinations.

MAY FLOWERS.—The pretty little child, in M. Chaplin's pleasing picture, has got as much as she can well carry of floral treasures. Her apron, or the skirt of her frock, and the bosom, with both arms holding masses of blossom branches, or sprays of every flowering tree, shrub, and creeping plant in season, and the basket-like hat which hangs by its ribbons from her lifted elbow, are filled with the lovely produce of genial spring. It is a rich booty that this fair and innocent deprecator among the hedgerows and thickets has gathered, and is now bringing home in triumph—as declared by the light in her eyes and the gentle pride of her countenance and gesture—to decorate the bower where a gladsome birthday festival, happily falling in the sweet month of May, will be celebrated with a party of her youthful friends. But, the other day, in a suburban field half-defaced with bricks and mortar for house-building, half remaining in a grassy state, and no longer used for pasture or fenced against idle intruders, we saw a ragged and dirty child of the London streets, picking a small heap of buttercups and daisies. And that was quite as good to little Mary Ann, and it did us good to see that she was so easily made happy.

On the next page we illustrate the Thanks giving Service held in the Boer camp immediately upon the arrival of the news of the signing of the treaty of peace. The ceremony was most impressive, the effect of the candle-light, by which the service was conducted, rendering the solemnity of the scene more marked, and offering a chance to the special artist of the *Illustrated London News* which he was not slow to avail himself of.

THE illustration on the same page shows the manner in which Mr. Walter Burke, an Irish landlord was reduced to taking the law into his own hands. Finding that no process server would undertake to serve the writs which he had obtained for the ejection of refractory tenants, he determined to take the risk of serving them himself. Armed with a revolver, and accompanied by a single trusty servant he made the round of his property, and entering the houses of those who were to be served, presented the writs in silence, accompanied by a significant presentation of the revolver he carried in his other hand. So good an argument for their acceptance of the proffered document did not fail of persuasion, and Mr. Burke was successful in every case in effecting service, reaching home in safety. One man endeavoured to escape him, suspecting his errand, but Mr. Burke dismounted and pursued the fugitive up stairs and from room to room till he ran him to ground at last in the garret and presented him with the Queen's message, unaccompanied by any comment of his own.

THE WESTERN BOUND EMIGRANTS.—The picture of an emigrant train going west is familiar to most of our readers, and presents a picturesque though not altogether inviting appearance. We all of us can recognize Mr. McCutcheon's characteristic sketches. We all of us know the uncomfortable seats, the despairing efforts at placing oneself in a position for sleep, and the imminent risk of dislocating one's neck when sleep does ultimately come. We all know the privileged passengers who alone is allowed the monopoly of the seats without a word of remonstrance; we all know the man who has lost his ticket, and the conductor who insists upon it being found. In these things emigrants are but like the rest of the traveling world though they have generally to fare farther and worse than their companions. But the occupants of this train are unmistakably of that cosmopolitan aspect which newly arrived emigrants ever wear and we can allow our imagination full play as to the sunny drives (or other wise) they have left and the country to which they are going, intent upon making a home for themselves which shall remind them of some loved spot in the old country.

EDIPUS AT HARVARD.

A dramatic event of unique importance was the performance on the 19th ult., at Sander's Theatre, Cambridge, Mass., of the "Edipus Tyrannus," of Sophocles, in the original Greek, by Harvard students. Elaborate preparations had been made to produce the play with as close an attention to classic details and as nearly in the spirit of antique art as the conditions of the modern stage would permit, and the success of the effort has been very generally described as beyond all expectation. *Edipus*, the leading part, was taken by George Riddle, of the class of '74, and professor of elocution at Harvard. The remainder of the cast was as follows:

Jocasta.....	L. E. Odyke, '80.
Creon, her brother.....	H. Norman, '81.
Tiresias, a blind seer.....	C. Guild, '81.
Priest of Zeus.....	W. H. Manning, '82.
Messengers.....	Messrs. Roberts, '81, and Wister, '82.
Leader of chorus.....	L. B. McCarg, '84.
Servant of Laius.....	G. McLane, '81.

The chiton of *Edipus* was of deep red surah silk. It was fastened at the shoulders with jeweled clasps, and by a girdle of metal about the waist, falling in graceful folds to his feet. A broad gold band ran around the bottom. The himation, or outer garment, was of satin, purple in color, and with a passementerie border, having patterns traced upon it with gold cord. This was thrown over the right shoulder and left the arms free and bare. The model of his golden crown was dug up by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenae. Sandals of white buckskin, fastened with golden thongs, completed his attire. His two attendants wore close-fitting tunics of lavender, with gold embroidered borders and plain sandals. *Jocasta's* chiton was of flesh-coloured silk, showing only what corresponds to the skirt of a modern dress, the waist being concealed by a diploidion, or wrapper, of gauzy texture, fastened at the shoulder with those sharp "brooch pins" with which *Edipus* destroys his eyes. The outer garment, or himation, thrown over the shoulder, was a lightly woven silk stuff, of a golden color, and traversed with threads of gold, and having little balls depending from the corners. The hair was drawn tightly back and gathered in a simple knot at the top of the head. Her two attendants wear ornamented blue diploidia, with gold fillets about their black locks trained low across the forehead. Together with their royal mistress, as they stand at the doorway of the royal house, they form a picture truly superb in richness of color and classic in grace and suggestiveness. The chorus are attired in draperies of softly harmonious tints, subordinate, yet adding much to the rich general effect, and the pure white garment of the old priest and of the blind seer are not the least effective. To Mr. Frank D. Millett, the artist, was intrusted the costuming of the actors, and his work is a great credit to him.

At the close of the first performance Mr. Riddle was called out and presented with a wreath of laurel. The audience also called out Professor Paine, who wrote the music for the choruses; Professors Goldwin and White were complimented in like manner for their important share in the preparatory work. A reception was afterwards held at the residence of President Elliott, which was attended by those who had taken part in the play and by many men of eminence in letters and art who had witnessed it; among whom were included, besides Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, the distinguished professor of the Harvard faculty, the Governor of the State, Judges Gray, Putnam and Lowell, Mr. Winthrop, Archbishop Williams, Mr. Howells and other local notables, President Robinson and Professors Harkness and Lincoln, of Brown University; Professors William S. Tyler and Mather, of Amherst College; President Gilman and Professor Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins University; Professor Drisler, of Columbia College; President Porter and Professors Whitney and Packard, of Yale; ex-President Hill, of Portland; President Chase, of Haverford College; President William B. Rogers, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Professor H. M. Tyler, of Smith College; Professor Fernald, of Williams College; President Warren and Professor Buck, of Boston University; Rev. H. W. Bellows and Mr. George William Curtis, of New York; Rev. W. H. Furness, of Pennsylvania, and other eminent citizens and scholars.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—On Thursday last the Philharmonic Society gave their second concert of the season to a crowded house. On the occasion of the last concert I felt compelled to speak somewhat severely of the shortcomings of orchestra and chorus, and it is the greater pleasure to be able to record so decided an improvement in all respects in the present case. The performance consisted of Gounod's "Gallia," a *motet* for soprano solo and chorus, Massenet's "Narcisse," and Sir Michael Costa's *serenata* "The Dream." In addition to these the Symphony Society, with Mr. F. Boucher, played Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto. The light music of the present performance was inculcably better suited to the capabilities of the Society than Judas Macabbeus, which formed the staple of their last concert, and the result was shown in the greatly improved style in which the music was sung. The orchestra, too, were far better than before, and with the exception of a want of precision amongst the brass, always the least musicianly part of a band, did well, though I noticed a tendency to over-accompaniment, which told against the somewhat light voices of some of the soloists. There were Messrs. Norris and Tibbs, and Misses Lushen, Perrault and Maltby, all of them too well known to need much comment. Miss Perrault has a taking dramatic style, though a little exaggerated at times, but her voice is light. Miss Lusher sang remarkably well, but lacked power in the latter part of her number in the *Narcisse*.

Of the violin concerto, which was to musicians the treat of the evening, I will only say that Mr. Boucher played like an artist, and though the accompaniment dragged a little, especially in the last movement, which was altogether too slow, yet the *tout ensemble* was very remarkably good, and the performances could be a feather in the cap of the *Société des Symphonistes*. For the rest, Mr. Couture is to be heartily congratulated on the highly satisfactory result of his labours during the past few months. —*Musical*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Emperor of Germany is ill.

MOUNT Vesuvius is in a state of eruption.

A MINISTERIAL crisis is impending in France.

NEW YORK steamers arriving at Vera Cruz are quarantined on account of cholera.

BISMARCK will introduce a bill in the Reichstag to prevent the manufacture of dynamite.

AN Arab rising has occurred in Southern Algeria, during which the French lost a number of men.

A PROMINENT Washington divine has challenged Col. Ingersoll to a theological discussion on paper.

A DESPATCH to the New York *World* speaks of a contemplated reorganization of the English Cabinet.

THE recent census taken in London makes the population of that city nearly seven million.

SOUTH African despatches say the Boers are seizing cattle and plundering the property of the British.

CONKLING's friends have decided to run him for re-election, and Platt will also offer himself as a candidate.

TIMOTHY HARRINGTON, proprietor of the *Kerry Sentinel*, and chief organizer of the Land League, has been arrested.

TWENTY-FOUR persons, mostly high officials, have been arrested in connection with the frauds on the Greek treasury.

A ST. JOHN, N.B., despatch says a New York company, with \$2,000,000 capital, is going into gold mining on the River du Loup.

THE Glasgow authorities have ordered the slaughter of the cattle cargo of the steamship *Phœnician*, nearly 300 head, from Boston, on account of foot and mouth disease amongst them.

A SERIOUS conflict occurred between the Socialists and police in Copenhagen on Monday, during a Socialist demonstration against the refusal of the King to pardon the negroes implicated in the West Indies insurrection.

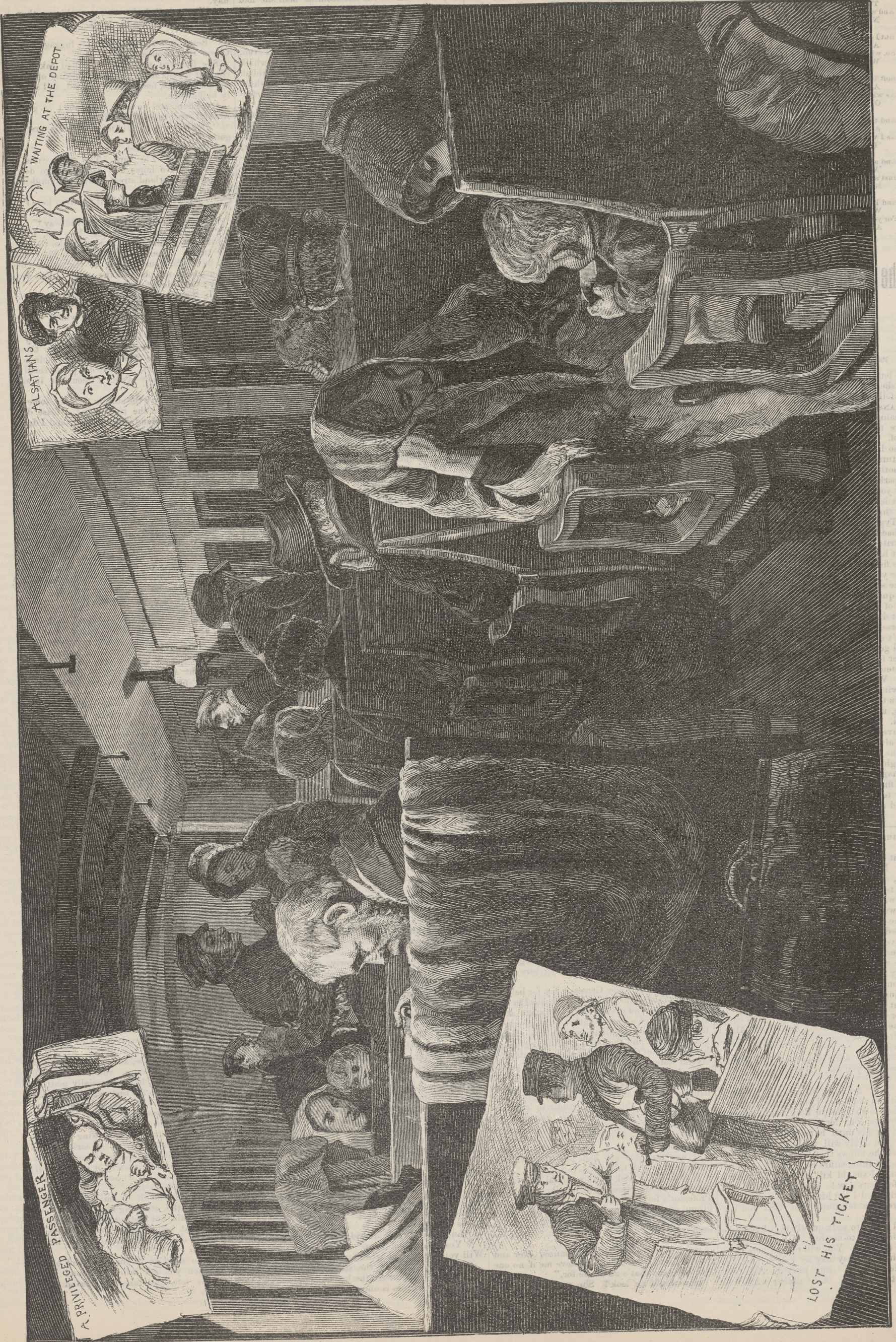
A HARTFORD woman, one night last week, in response to a tramp peddler's insolent "You're alone, ain't yer?" responded by presenting her husband's revolver at his head, with the additional answer of "No; I'm not." The peddler did not stop to display his wares.

ACCORDING to Josh Billings, pashence is a good thing for a man to have; but when he has got so much of it that he can fish all day over the side of a boat without any bait, on his hook azyzness is what's the matter with him.

TO RECOVER THE ELASTICITY OF RUBBER.—For articles of rubber, says a writer, which have become hard and brittle, Dr. Pol recommends the following treatment: Immerse the article in a mixture of water of ammonia one part, and water two parts, for a time varying from a few minutes to an hour, according to the circumstances of the case. When the mixture has acted enough on the rubber it will be found to have recovered all its elasticity, smoothness, and softness.



MAY FLOWERS.—FROM THE PICTURE BY M. CHAPLIN.



ON AN EMIGRANT TRAIN, GOING WEST.—DRAWN BY McCUTCHEON.

A MAN'S VANITY.

"Vain? Yes, very! I have mirrors
Two in number, large and bright,
And all day I view me in them,
Never tiring of the sight.

But I know that they are precious
As they're radiant and fair,
So, when night comes on, I hide them
With a jealous lover's care.

Soft I drop a kiss upon them,
And they quiver and they quake
As when the moonbeams kiss the bosom
Of the modest woodland lake.

And they nestle 'neath their curtains
All snow-white, like wings of dove,
As I whisper to them softly,
'Dream, my loved ones, of my love!'

And all night, in sleep and waking,
'Mid the darkness still I see
Just as when I last looked in them,
My two mirrors, close to me.

And I love them—oh! I love them—
With the love that never dies,
For you see, sweet, my two mirrors
Are your own dear, loving eyes."

MINNIE GILMORE.

The Professor's Darling.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE.

The letter which Stannie had received, and which she had asked Madame Muller to read, was as follows:

"STANMORE ROSS,—

"I cannot call you dear Stannmore, for I think you are the most ungrateful girl I have ever heard of. Alan Neil is not your uncle, to be sure; so I suppose it would be too much to expect natural affection from you. But I did think your mother's daughter would have had some little spark of gratitude, for he has done his part well by you. I came here two days ago. I couldn't let him die alone in a lodging, with no one but that dolted body, Janet Scott, to see him. Typhoid is a bad fever at any time, and he has had it as bad as a man could. Why you don't write is extraordinary. He told me himself that he asked the nurse who attended him when he first grew ill to write and tell you. He gave her your address, and she said that she had done so. She left a day or two afterwards, having quarrelled with Janet Scott about the making of a little beef tea. What will some folks not disagree about? Then Janet was head nurse herself; but I got uneasy, and came up. We can't afford to lose Professor Neil, and if care and good nursing will do any good, he shall not suffer for want of that.

"I intend to remain here till he is out of all danger. When he is clear in his head, or when he is raving, there's just the one idea possesses him: 'Is there no letter from Stannie?' he asks, morning, noon, and night. His 'darling,' he calls you. A fair weather darling, I say. You might have written a line before now to ask after him. I always said that Alan made a fatal mistake in the way he brought you up. You never were taught to consider anyone but yourself.

"Perhaps, now that I have spoken my mind, you will find time to write, and say that you are sorry to hear how near death's door he has been, and is still.

ANNIE MACTAVISH.

"P.S.—The Professor came up to deliver three lectures, but had only given one when he fell ill."

"What an extraordinary production!" said Madame Muller. "Is the woman mad, or heartless, or what?"

"She is a good, kind woman," answered Stannie, warmly. "She will be sorry some day that she wrote such a letter, for I don't deserve it. If the nurse really did write, she must have misdirected the letter, for I never got it. I have written every week as usual, and sent the letters to St. Breeda. If Janet Scott is in Edinburgh the house will be shut up; that's the reason it was empty in my dream. My poor letters will be lying on the passage floor. We haven't a letter-box, just a slit, and they tumble in upon the mat. But if I see him alive, I'll bless her all my life for writing as she has done. How could she call me ungrateful? Poor, dear Uncle Alan! I wouldn't stay here one instant when I know that he is ill!"

"Shall I come with you, dear? I can be ready as soon as you are. I think it would be better if I did."

"No," said Stannie, firmly. "I would rather that you did not. I should have to send you all alone to an hotel in Edinburgh, where I would never see you, for I shall not leave my uncle night or day until he is better. He must get better; he surely will not die! If he were to die before he knows that I am really not the selfish, ungrateful creature he must imagine me to be, I think I should kill myself! I haven't seen him for years now! I am all he has to love in the world, and I left him to please myself."

"Will you not telegraph first that you are coming?"

"No; I prefer to walk quietly in. I shall be there the day after to-morrow, if I don't stop a minute on the way. You will remain here till I return; when that day may be I have no idea. If my uncle dies—"

She paused, after she had said the words; then added, while her

breath came short and quick, "I may be absent for some time. At any rate, wait here, and make yourself quite comfortable until you either see or hear from me."

"If you would only allow me to come with you, Miss Ross!" Madame pleaded again. "I would not mind being alone in an hotel, and I might be useful to you later."

"I prefer to go alone," answered Stannie. "Will you come now, and help me to get ready? The time is passing."

Madame Muller selected a small portmanteau, and proceeded to stow into it such articles as were absolute necessities, while Stannie changed her silk dress for one of dark blue serge.

"You had better wear your warm cloak," said Madame Muller, taking a long sable-lined mantle of black satin from the wardrobe.

"Yes; I suppose it will be warmest. Give me my little fur hat. I think it is there, somewhere. I'll take that shawl also."

"What shall I do with all your jewellery? You have such a number of valuable things. I wish you would lock them all up and take the key with you."

"I should only lose it if I did. They will be quite safe in your keeping."

"Have you plenty of money, Miss Ross?" "Yes, fortunately; I don't know how much, but I am sure that it will be more than enough."

Madame Muller sent for a cab, and then insisted upon Stannie taking some supper; but she could not swallow a single mouthful.

"I can't eat, Madame Muller," she said. "Don't worry about me. When I grow hungry I'll get something at the first station I stop at. Where is Mrs. Mactavish's letter?"

"Here it is. If I were you I would not read it again. Better burn it."

"I only want the address. I'll tear it off, and burn the rest."

Suiting the action to the word, she opened the stove-door, and watched the flames consume the page to ashes.

Above her overwhelming grief and anxiety there rankled a keen sense of the injustice which had been done to her, and it was that alone which kept her from giving way to passionate tears.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OFF TO SCOTLAND.

The train rushed on like a luminous meteor through the dark land, rarely halting or slackening speed. Yet Stannie chafed at its slowness. Never had a journey seemed so irksome before.

When they reached the frontiers there was some little delay, as usual, over the inspection of the luggage, and every moment seemed to her an hour.

"How long do we stop here?" she asked.

"Half an hour," was the answer.

"Oh, the waste of precious time," she soliloquized; "and the unjustifiable curiosity of those petty officers! Why must they pry into every Noah's ark and despatch-box? Surely respectable people never smuggle things in these advanced days, when everything in the world is to be had in London?"

She wrapped her cloak mechanically around her, and paced up and down the station, feeling like a caged creature.

The early morning air blew keen and sharp, but it came like a reviving breeze to her.

Two men who had travelled in the same train recognized her in spite of all the circumstantial evidence they possessed to prove that it could not possibly be her.

She was to sing in Wirtstadt that evening; it was so stated in the newspaper which one of them had crumpled up in his great-coat pocket; yet there was the *prima donna* evidently on her way to England.

"It cannot be," remarked the owner of the paper, after indulging in a long and close inspection, of which Stannie was, fortunately, quite unconscious; "and yet it's wonderfully like her."

"I tell you it is," replied his companion. "One can't mistake her. There isn't hair like hers in all Europe. It's the great singer herself; but what she can be doing here baffles me."

Off again. Already Germany lay far behind; the last trace of the Rhine had vanished in mist, and the dress and dialect of the peasants at the stations told of a new country. But she heard the clear ring of Highland voices above all their noisy jargon, and the puffing of the engine put her in mind of the splashing of a mill-wheel in crystal water.

In the distance she saw a great cathedral, with pinnacles carved like the finest fret-work, and flaming windows of amber and purple glass.

She smiled as she saw it dwindle in the distance, for every moment was bringing her nearer an old Scotch college, of which she held the smallest stone dearer than all the cathedral's rich treasures.

It was not that she had looked forward to returning one day to her native country.

She was going back like a prodigal, who knew not what his welcome might be. Possibly in the Professor's fever-bright eyes there would be no gleam of recognition; Mrs. Mactavish would meet her with cold words and averted looks; even good old Janet would most likely have gone over to the enemy's side.

"It's not my fault," she murmured over and over to herself. "He will believe me if no one else does, and that's all I care for."

How would he look? She wondered if the

fever would have changed him. Well, if it had, he would still be the handsomest man she had ever seen; and her experience was not to be called limited in that way.

The tall, muscular figure; the jet-black hair, lightly dashed with silver threads; the heavy moustache, which half hid the firm lips and even, white teeth; and the beautiful dark eyes, which had beamed so fondly upon her in her childish years—all went to complete a picture which formed her grandest ideal of masculine perfection.

In contrast with the grandly simple Scotch Professor, all the political courtiers and foreign nobles whom she had met shrunk into the most commonplace beings. Even Gordon Hunter, who was the highest type of fair Saxon beauty—if such a word is allowable to apply to a man—seemed to shrivel into a mere lamp-post, hung round with clothes, when placed beside him.

On went the train across the plains of Belgium, stopping now and then at some quaint old town, whose name carried the memory back a hundred years; and when the bells were ringing for evening vespers, she stepped on board the little steamer which four hours later landed her in Dover.

The custom-house officials were cold and sleepy, and hurried over the examination of the passengers' luggage in an extremely short space of time, to the great gratification of the latter, who were all eager to catch the first train to London.

For the third time in her life Stannie arrived in that great centre, only to hurry from it as soon as possible. She drove rapidly from one station to the other, and succeeded in catching the morning train for Scotland.

"Thank goodness, I am almost there now!" she thought, as she arranged her wraps upon the blue cushions, and opened a bag of biscuits which she had bought in the refreshment-room at Dover.

A guard opened the door, and pushed in a hot water pan, with a promise to renew it soon, as it was "uncommon sharp weather."

"Do you go all the way to Edinburgh with this train?" she asked.

"Yes, miss; straight on to Aberdeen."

"Will you kindly see that no other person comes into this carriage? I wish to be alone."

She slipped a bribe into his hand as she spoke, which fairly made him gasp. Ladies rarely tipped him to the extent of half a sovereign.

"I'll see to that, miss," he said, with emphasis. "No one shall disturb you; and I'll fetch you soup or anything you like to ask for at the stations."

"When shall we reach Edinburgh?" "Well, we shall be lucky if we get there by this time to-morrow morning. The lines were blocked with snow across the border yesterday, and though they're clearing it away all the time, it keeps coming down pretty fast still, they say."

"To-morrow morning!" exclaimed Stannie, in despair.

After eating a few biscuits, she took off her hat, and lying back among the cushions, fell into a sleep which lasted for hours. The attentive guard looked in at her at the various stations, and changed the warm water-pan softly, so as not to disturb her.

When she opened her eyes again the shadows of the short wintry days had deepened into twilight dark as night, and the snow was falling steadily, wrapping the brown earth in a queenly mantle of purest, softest down.

CHAPTER XXX.

"OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST?"

"Edinburgh at last, Miss," said the guard, throwing open the carriage door.

Stannie was thankful to jump out, for she was cramped with cold.

What a journey it had been from Carlyle! The train had been delayed in the open country more than once while a band of men cleared the masses of soft, white snow from off the rails.

Then it would move slowly on for a few miles, only to encounter a similar obstruction. To make matters worse, the wind had risen, and blew the flakes in wreaths right across the track; but in spite of wind and storm the terminus was gained at last.

The station yawned like a dark cavern, with a flickering light here and there, which made it appear twice the size that it really was. One solitary porter, who rubbed his eyes and blinked very hard at Stannie, was the only official visible.

Others were hovering somewhere in the darkness; but the advent of three passengers from London was not a sufficient magnet to attract them towards the platform.

It had been bitter work waiting hours for an overdue train in a draughty station; and now that it had actually come in and started again for Aberdeen, they hurried off to their several homes as quickly as they could.

The remaining representative of their order, who might have been the typical last man, judging from appearances, approached Stannie slowly, and raised a half-frozen hand respectfully to his cap.

"Luggage, Miss?" he said, laconically.

"Yes; a portmanteau. I see it along there. Will you put it upon a cab for me?"

"There's no cabs on the stand at this hour, miss; and if there were the horses couldn't go a yard. The streets are one sheet of ice. There's

been a fearful storm here yesterday and to-day."

"What shall I do with my things, then? I've a dressing-bag as well, and a lot of shawls."

"Better put them in the left luggage office. One o' them's open still."

She followed the man, who had taken her consent for granted, and was walking off with her belongings, feeling very puzzled, and scarcely half awake.

"If there are no cabs, how am I to get to where I wish to go?" she asked.

"Don't know at all, miss. Where are you going?"

"To Scotland street."

"Can't say, I'm sure. The train came in very late. No horse and cart could go down the hill to Scotland street to-night, though for love or money."

"Then I must walk. Is it far from here?"

"A goodish step."

"Can you come and show me the way?"

"I'm thinkin' I darena. You see, I'm a night porter, and bide in the station to meet the trains. There's two due yet. They may not be in for hours, owing to the storm; but I must be at my place all the same. I'm vera sorry; but I doubt I canna leave."

"Is there no other man or boy about who could come with me? I was never in Edinburgh before, and don't know which way to turn."

"Not a soul of them ever is when they're wanted. If there was no need or call for them, they'd swarm like flies around a treacle-pot. It's the coarse night," he added, apologetically. "I wouldn't be here myself if I could be in my berth at home."

"Can't you leave the station for one moment, just to put me on the right way? Please do! I must go to Scotland street at once, and I don't know where it is."

"I'll come a wee bit o' the way," he said, reluctantly; for her pathetic look, seen dimly by the wavering light, moved his compassion. "If you walk smartly, I'll see you to Dublin street at once. I canna risk a step further. Once there, you can't miss your way unless the snow fairly blinds you."

On ascending the steps leading to Princes street they were met by a fierce gust of wind which lifted Stannie's little fur cap from off her head, and sent it swirling away into the darkness, wrenched the hairpins from the folds of her hair, which fell around her shoulders in golden waves. To pursue the hat would have been useless; so she pulled the hood of her fur cloak over her ears, and turned bravely to meet the raging elements.

St. Andrew's Square was gained with difficulty, and there they both came to a sudden halt. The porter clung wildly to an area gate, and Stannie was literally blown several yards off her feet, and landed on a bank of snow. The violent exercise seemed to give her new life. She sprang up, and shaking off the snow, went to his aid.

"It's awfu', just awfu'!" he muttered. "It's no' a night for man or beast to be abroad. There's no' even a policeman goin' the rounds."

A lull succeeded the boisterous blast which had swamped the porter's energy, and they proceeded down the hill, the snow still continuing to beat upon them, and upon Stannie's partially uncovered head. Her hair had escaped from her hood, and floated like long pennants; her dress proving unmanageable, she had resigned its train to an ignominious fate, and it dragged heavily behind her, entangling itself about her feet, and nearly tripping her up at every step. Still she struggled on against all difficulties; every instant was bringing her nearer to the Professor—nearer home—for, wherever he was, was home!

Her companion spoke to her several times, but the wind carried his voice away in an opposite direction. Not a soul passed them; not even a dog was out in that wild night; when the *prima donna* from Wirtstadt toiled bare-headed and through the snow-blocked streets in search of Alan Neil's lodgings.

"This is Dublin street, lady, and I must leave you here. Keep straight down the hill, and ye'll land in Drummond Place, then turn to the right, and it's the second opening."

"The second opening to the right. Thank you very, very much for coming so far with me."

She handed him a sovereign as she bade him good night, and continued her way down the slippery hill.

Arriving at the square, she got confused with the darkness and the snow, and turned to the left, which would not have materially mattered if she had not kept to her instructions regarding the second opening. As it was, she turned into Great King street, and wandered far astray from Scotland street.

Just as her spirits were beginning to ebb, a belated, or rather a remarkably early, pedestrian came quickly round a corner; he was possibly a newspaper reporter, or some equally unfortunate individual whose fate compelled him to meet all weathers.

"Can you tell me if I am near Scotland street she inquired, stopping him.

The man could not distinguish her features, but he thought he had never heard so musical a voice as the one which addressed him in the darkness.

"No; you must go to the other end of the street. When you get into Drummond Place turn to the left, and take the second opening."

"Thank you; I must have turned to the wrong side when I left Dublin street."

The second turning, Scotland street was gained at last. It looked as dark and uninviting as the station had done. She went up several flights of rather long stone steps, and examined the numbers, touching the brass figures with her fingers. About the middle she found the house she was in search of—"Mrs. Frazer's lodgings" was inscribed upon a brass plate in letters so large that one might read them as they ran. The staring brazen sign was the most welcome sight in all the world to her at that moment.

She rang the bell peal on peal, and waited with a beating heart for the door to open.

At last there was a sound of feet in the passage, then a match was struck and the gas above the door was lighted, followed by an undoing of bolts and chains. Finally the door was cautiously opened, and Mrs. Frazer's head, encased in a white cotton nightcap ornamented with enormous frills, appeared in the aperture. Stannie pushed past her, and staggered into the passage.

"Preserve us all!" ejaculated the surprised landlady.

She had expected a telegram or something of that nature, not a young girl wrapped in a long cloak, with the snow lying thick amongst long golden hair, which shaded features more beautiful than Mrs. Frazer had ever imagined.

"Is Mr. Neil alive?" asked the apparition.

"Mr. Neil? I'm thinkin' he is, m'em."

"Don't you know for certain?"

"He was two days syne."

"Will you take me to him at once?"

"I canna' do that, for he's no' here now."

"Not here? What can you mean? Mrs. Mactavish wrote to me from this house. He was here then. I thought he was too ill to go away. Don't tell me that he is dead! Oh, not dead—not that!"

"I said that I thought he was alive," answered Mrs. Frazer. "He was getting better every day; but the doctor said there wasn't air enough in my rooms. He took my two front rooms, the Professor did, for a fortnight, when he came up to give some lectures well-nigh two months since. Then he fell ill. There was no word of the room not being airy enough till a week back. Right or wrong, five days come morning, Mrs. Mactavish would have him moved to another house. It was dreadful weather to move an invalid in; but she wrapped him in two pair of blankets, and put a Shetland shawl over his head, and a great fur rug over all that. The doctor and another gentleman carried him to the carriage, and off they set, I don't know where. He never complained that the rooms weren't airy enough. It's not everyone who would have had a fever patient in the house. I think the doctor got the new lodgings for him. I was sorry to lose him, for he was a rare pleasant gentleman, and didn't grudge paying handsomely for any trouble that he gave."

"Has he been very ill, Mrs. Frazer?"

"Awful! It's a wonder he's got through. Mrs. Mactavish is a good nurse. I wish she had come a month sooner. But we did our best for him. Janet Scott was here two days since. She came to inquire if there were any letters, and she said that he wasn't so well as when he left. I'm thinkin' the rooms had, maybe, been some too airy for him. What is he to you, miss?—an uncle, perhaps?"

"I call him Uncle Alan," answered Stannie, evasively.

"Come into the parlour and sit down, miss. You look fit to drop."

"No; I must go at once. What is the address?"

"It's somewhere in the suburbs; but I never thought of asking. I had no call to, as Janet Scott was to come for the letters."

"What shall I do? Can you really not tell me the name of the street? I'll ring every door-bell in it until I find it. Try and think where it is—you must have heard."

"I cannot, my dear lady. I assure you I never heard. The doctor took the rooms, I'm certain; for neither Mrs. Mactavish nor Janet Scott went out to see after them."

"Oh, what shall I do, Mrs. Frazer?"

"Not that mine aren't a good size," continued the injured landlady, "for all that they called them stuffy. Will you take a look at them? I'll light the gas in a minute if you will."

"Oh, no; I'd rather not. I'm sure they are very nice indeed. Where does the doctor live, and what's his name? I must go and ask him for the address."

"Sir John Lang; he lives close by, in Great King street. But will you not bide here till morning? You will surely never venture out again in such a storm! Any friend of Mr. Neil's is welcome to rest here as long as they will."

"I must go at once!" said Stannie. "I am sorry I have given you so much trouble, and made you leave your bed. Good night! Thank you for your kindness!"

Sir John Lang's night-bell was rung with a vehemence which aroused every slumberer in the house, and caused the worthy Baronet to spring from his couch with an agility which was surprising considering his years.

Before his servant could array himself in decent habiliments the ring was repeated.

"Hang that old bell!" muttered the harassed individual. "I hope Sir John is jumping into his bags to be ready!"

"Coming—coming!" he shouted to the invisible ringer, as a third and even more desperate

peal echoed through the silent house, bringing Sir John himself, in a crimson dressing-gown and list slippers, to the rescue.

When the door was opened, Stannie fell forward senseless at the great physician's feet. Her overtaxed strength had given away at last.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SIR JOHN AND LADY LANG.

Sir John Lang's days of romance lay far behind him in the vanished past, and his servant's imagination was of the most mediocre order; but they both felt that something unusual had happened when they beheld their untimely visitor.

"Lor', Sir John, she's froze to death!" was the cheerful conclusion which the latter immediately jumped to.

"Is the study fire out?" inquired the practical Sir John.

"No, sir."

"Go and light the gas, then."

The physician carried her into the study, laid her gently upon a couch, then went upstairs to call Lady Lang.

"Are you awake, Jessie?" he inquired, as he entered the bedroom hurriedly.

"Yes. What is it?"

"Get up at once, and come down to the study."

"What's wrong, John?" asked Lady Lang, grasping a quilted satin dressing-gown as she spoke.

She was twenty years his junior, and celebrated through all the Lothians as a beauty and a wit. Her husband had every confidence in her judgment upon most subjects, but during the twelve years she had been his wife he had never asked her opinion concerning any branch of his profession.

"Do tell me what's going on in the study?" she cried, as he was disappearing on to the landing.

"The prettiest girl you ever saw in your life, with hair like beaten gold and a fur cloak much handsomer than yours, is lying there in a swoon. She has come bare-headed through the snow from goodness knows where."

Her ladyship hastily finished her toilet, and tripped downstairs.

Sir John was upon his knees beside the couch, applying the usual restoratives.

Lady Lang chafed her cold hands, and remarked upon the number and beauty of her rings.

"Never mind her rings; take off her boots!" said her husband; which was a command more easily given than performed.

The saturated leather clung like an outer skin to the poor swollen feet, and resisted all Lady Lang's efforts to remove them.

"Get a pair of large scissors and cut them off," suggested Sir John. "You will dislocate her ankles if you pull them about in that manner."

The pale lids moved at length, and a glow of returning life spread over her countenance.

She raised herself partially up, and looking at Sir John said, "I came for the new address."

"What did you come for?"

"The address. I am sorry I fainted; you must forgive me, for I have been travelling for three days, and am a little tired. If you will give it to me I'll go at once. I have lost a good deal of time since I arrived in Edinburgh."

"Whose address, my dear young lady?" asked Sir John, kindly.

"Mr. Neil, from St. Breeda's. I have been to Mrs. Frazer's, in Scotland street, and she told me that you had sent him to other lodgings."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lady Lang trembling with excitement, upon the verge of a discovery; "I saw Mrs. Mactavish yesterday, and she spoke of some one she called Stansmore Ross, an adopted child of the Professor's. I thought I had heard the name before. I wonder I didn't think of it sooner. I heard you sing in Vienna, John, don't you know who she is? She is the Ross—the great singer! Fancy her being here, and in this plight!"

"The address, please?" pleaded the "great singer," faintly.

"Mr. Neil is in a furnished house at the Grange," said Sir John; "my brother's house, in fact. His family are all in Rome, so I had the Professor removed there. It's a long way from here, and you are not able to go immediately. Besides, it's rather early to disturb my patient. You must rest for an hour or two, and at ten I'll take you over myself. I was going then, at any rate. When did you arrive in Edinburgh?"

"Some hours ago. I couldn't get a cab, and I've been wandering about the streets trying to find him ever since."

"Poor child! no wonder you fainted."

"Couldn't you go at eight o'clock instead of ten?"

"Quite impossible; Mrs. Mactavish would not let me in. What a nurse that woman is! I wish I had a whole staff like her!"

"How is Uncle Alan? Do you think he will die?"

"Die? Not a bit of it!—at least, not just at present! The Professor can't be spared yet; his work is only half done. He is forming the minds of the next generation. It will be a sad day for the youths of Scotland when they lose Professor Neil; but that is a long day off yet, I hope."

"The poor girl's dress is soaking, and her

stockings are the same," said Lady Lang. "Come up-stairs, dear, and get on some dry things immediately, or you will get your death of cold."

"Make her lie down an hour or two," said Sir John, "and I'll see about some beef-tea or something for her. I have a suspicion that she has been starving as well as freezing herself. Mrs. Mactavish won't thank me if I bring her a second patient."

She went up-stairs with Lady Lang, but was proof against all persuasions to lie down.

"I can't rest—I can't lie down," she said; "I might fall asleep. I must keep walking about."

"I should like you to fall asleep, Miss Ross. What is your objection to doing so? It would do you more good than anything else."

"I might sleep too long, and I wish to get to Uncle Alan as soon as possible. I would have come weeks ago, but I didn't know that he was ill until I got a letter from Mrs. Mactavish. He told the nurse to write and tell me. If she did, I never got the letter; but he doesn't know that, and he thinks I am careless and ungrateful. Can't I really go before ten? What o'clock is it now?"

"It's only a little past seven. Do lie down, and try to sleep for two hours. You will not be able to speak to Mr. Neil if you excite yourself like this. Lie down like a good child, and let me cover you up comfortably. I'll waken you before the carriage comes round to the door."

"No, no, Lady Lang; I couldn't! I'll walk to the Grange, if you will tell me the way; or, maybe, I can get a cab now. I shall go mad if I stay here much longer. Can't you understand how I feel? I love Uncle Alan better than anyone in all the world, and he has been ill and dying, and wishing for me, and I have been happy, and enjoying myself in my ignorance! I started off the moment I knew! Oh, let me go!—please, let me go!"

"You shall, at once!" answered Lady Lang.

"I'll speak to Sir John about it."

What arguments she used to overcome his determination not to start before ten o'clock did not transpire, but half an hour later Stannie was seated beside him in his carriage on her way to the Grange.

The servant who opened the door looked surprised at the doctor's early visit, for the Professor was no worse; on the contrary, he had passed an unusually good night.

"Is Mr. Neil asleep?" asked Sir John.

"No, sir; I think not."

"Is Mrs. Mactavish with him?"

"Yes, sir. She has been up all night."

"You must be very cautious, Miss Ross," he said, turning to her. "No tears, remember, or nonsense of that sort, or I'll take you back to Great King street at once."

"Oh, no, Sir John; you won't do that."

"Well, we shall see. Are you going to be a brave lass?"

"I'll try," she answered, but her trembling lips could scarcely speak.

He led her up a wide staircase, and along a corridor, at the end of which was a door; that he opened softly. But before doing so, he took her hand within his own, as if he feared some impetuous movement on her part. For a moment he held her back upon the threshold of the open door.

The room was very large, and in the dim morning light she could scarcely distinguish anything. The first object she recognized was Mrs. Mactavish, who was bending over a little table, doing something to a lamp with a green shade.

Then her looks rested on the bed. Was that Alan Neil? It could not be! There must be some hideous mistake! He was young and handsome, and the man lying there was aged, and worn, and gray. She would have passed him by in the street as a stranger whom she had never known. The hair which lay upon his temples was sparse and silvery, and his features were sharpened by suffering and ashy in hue.

"This is my work! Oh, heaven forgive me!" she moaned.

Sir John could not understand it, and decided that she must be of a highly nervous temperament.

She dashed away his restraining hand, and glided into the room. At the foot of the bed she paused. The sick man opened his eyes, and stared blankly at her for a second, then a great light filled them, and a smile of unspeakable joy overspread his countenance, transforming it almost into the likeness of a saint. He stretched out his poor wasted hands towards her, while his lips framed the words, "My darling, I knew that you would come!"

Her arms were round his neck before he ceased, and her streaming hair mingled with the thin, gray locks. Then she laid her head upon the pillow, and wept as she had never wept before.

Mrs. Mactavish looked up in surprise, and dropped the green shade of the lamp, which she had been polishing with a pocket handkerchief.

"Mercy preserve us! Stansmore Ross," she exclaimed, "where did you come from?" Catching sight of Sir John Lang, who still stood in the doorway, she added, "She will excite the Professor. Take her away. It's not safe. The fever's catching."

But Sir John thought differently. He motioned Mrs. Mactavish from the room, and then he asked, "What relation is this beautiful creature to Alan Neil? She calls him uncle; but I never heard before that he had a sister or a brother."

"Nor had he ever. She's neither kith nor kin to him; but he's brought her up since she was three years old. Her father was a son of old Ross, the parish minister, and Alan's great friend."

"Ah, I see—I see!"

"Where did she drop from? Did you bring her here with you?"

Sir John rapidly related his share of the business. Then they returned to the sick-room. "Have you nothing to say to me Stansmore?" asked Mrs. Mactavish.

But Stannie neither saw nor heard her. She had found her rest, her home, her heaven at last, and her heart was full.

What though his hair was gray, and his cheeks hollow, and his frame gaunt and wasted? He was alive, and might live now for many years, and she would never leave him any more.

"Alan," she whispered, "am I forgiven? You understand it all, don't you, why I didn't come sooner?"

"Yes," he answered; "but I never blamed you. I knew there must be some mistake, so I waited patiently."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

WHEN cavalry are to prepare for the march, "Boot and saddle" is sounded. It might easily be imagined that it originally meant that the men were to put on their riding boots and saddle their horses. Such however is not the origin of the phrase. We have borrowed many of our military technical terms from the French, and among others "Boot and saddle." This is a corruption of "Boute selle," which means simply saddle, "boute" being an old Norman word still used by the peasantry, signifying place. "Boute-selle" is, therefore, "place the saddle."

A NOVELTY IN COURT DRESS.—Lady Archibald Campbell, daughter-in-law of the Duke of Argyll, wore a dress at the last drawing-room at London, which was very quaint and beautiful in design. The dress itself, of blue and black Lyon velvet, was (to use the *modiste* term) cut *à la Princesse*, and relieved by a slashing on the left side of the skirt in silver-grey satin, the corsage garnished with black Chantilly lace of a rare pattern. A band *à la giberrière* of black velvet, bearing small *écusson* shields united by Gaelic knots, in gold traversed the bust of the habit, and was secured in transverse by a silver fish, one of the Campbell badges. The shields on the band were charged alternately with the cognizances of the Argyll Campbells and the Callanders of Ardkinglas and Craigforth in their proper heraldic tints. A *besace*, or satchel, of a shield-shape, embossed with the quarterings of the Argyll Campbells, and the Callenders of Ardkinglas and Craigforth, was secured to the side of the dress by the badges of the fish and the bog myrtle. The satchel contained antique lace handkerchief "en jabot," but the most beautiful part of the dress was the train of silver-coloured satin, suspended from the shoulders, and attached to the dress by badges. On the train was embroidered *en appliqué*, the ancient and well-known coat of arms of the Campbells of Argyll in subdued colours. The shield, five feet long, supported by its lions (gules, bugle argent) was surmounted by the wild boar's head (proper), and beneath was the device "Ne Obliviscaris," in sable letters on a silver-grey phylactery. In the antique cloth of gold of the girony, and in the cloth of silver, on which, as if on a moonlight sea floated the Galley of Lorne, there shone a strange iridescent light lustre, somewhat like the tints of an opal. The whole design was evidently conceived and executed after the style of the admirable heraldic "achievements" of the 14th century. This is the first instance since the end of the 15th century, of a lady appearing in a Court ceremony, such as a drawing-room, with her heraldic cognizances forming the ornamentations of her dress.

THE best preventive and cure for piles and all diseases caused by constipation, is Burdock Blood Bitters. Purifying, regulating, and tonic in its action. Sample bottles 10 cents. Large bottles \$1.00.

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THE LONDON DISASTER.—SENDING OUT COFFINS THE MORNING AFTER THE WRECK.



THE LONDON DISASTER.—THE FUNERAL TRAIN ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE 26TH.



1. Capt. Rankin, Captain of the *Victoria*.—2. Roberts, Engineer of the *Victoria*.—3. Nick Forkey, Deck hand.—4. Alf. Wastie, Ticket-laker, drowned.—5. The View looking towards the City from Springbank.—6. Springbank below the dam.—7. The dam at Springbank.—8. Hungerford Hill.

THE LONDON DISASTER.—PORTRAITS OF THE *VICTORIA*'S CREW AND VIEWS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE ACCIDENT.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY COOPER AND SKETCHES BY W. L. JUDSON.

RIVERBANK.

(A memory of St. John's, Nfld.)

I gazed on the scene around me,
And the clouds were rent with gray;
And curling mists, like departing fears,
Were drifting far away.

And a rippling stream with its lispings voice,
Like the laugh of a happy child,
Ran like a spirit of merriment,
To greet the ocean wild!

But the shaggy hills clad in hoariness
Enriched the place around;
Watching the surging sea beyond,
And stilling its mighty sound!

And from the slopes, I gazed beyond
Where the busy town lay still,
Sheltered safe from the winds that smite,
From the storms that blight and kill.

The spirit of silence filled the air,
And touching my grateful soul,
Amid the sweep of eternal hills,
Like a peaceful message stole!

The solemn awe and the dreamy hush,
Which none may read aright,
Followed my steps as the shadows drooped
To embrace the coming night!

And the restless aim and the struggle
That lashed with strife my days,
Me led to unknown sweetness,
In a far off hymn of praise.

And all the beauty that slept around,
Which I could not grasp nor trace,
Shall haunt my life in the creeping years,
With the spell of the time and place.

As long as nature can yield delight,
While the earth is fair to see!
As long as passionate thought has power
To enbalm a memory!

The hours that drift and perish,
Casting my life away,
Are girt with the solemn grandeur
Evoked by the scene to-day.

October, 1880.

ISIDORE.

BERTHA.

II.

AMID HER DARKNESS.

Bertha (Lady Dunbarton) noiselessly enters the chamber of death and kneels beside a couch and gazes long and lovingly upon the face of the mother for whom she crushed her own fair life, and the heart of Claude her lover. That mother had passed away, and Bertha kneeling by that couch thanks her God that to one at least she had proved true. All the rest of her life was one dark lie that was enacted over in a hundred forms each hour of the day.

She had deceived a noble, loving and trusting husband, and to keep up that deceit was the great sorrow that haunted her wretched existence. The hope that she might have strength to keep it now until the end was all that sustained her. The hope that she might never cause him sorrow through the keeping of her secret she had made his life of the past year and a half a dream of joy that he would say seemed too great to last.

"I fear I will awake some morning and find all my happiness vanished Bertha. Such joy as mine never yet lasted. It is too great."

And she would shrink from him when he spoke thus, and steal away by herself and weep tears of such sorrow as only a poor crushed heart like hers could weep.

Kneeling there beside her dead mother she thought on all that had passed in the past and the present, and prayed for strength in the future.

She turned away, and went and stood before a painting—Claude's painting of "Cupid and Psyche," and opened the shutter that the last lingering rays of the passing day might fall upon it; and as she studied it her thoughts drifted away to the artist who had chosen his subject in memory of their love. This painting had won him his laurels, his fame.

As she gazed she little thought how he had put in it the last touches in that hour just before the blow fell that she had dealt him.

This masterpiece was finished ere his star set, and won him when too late the glory and fame for which he had toiled, though not the idol, the treasure of his heart, that kept him at his work. He lost her in the mighty moment of his triumph, and the glory of his success died at its birth.

The woman knelt before it, awed by its great power, and felt herself unworthy to lift her gaze unto it. It had been placed in her mother's room because Lady Dunbarton must not trust herself even to its influence if she strove to be true to her husband.

To-night in the presence of death she came and knelt before it, and gazed upon it until the shadows of the coming night hid it from her view.

She arose and came and bent once more by the side of that dead mother for whom she had sacrificed more than her life, her truth, her womanhood, her honour, for she felt herself more abased than the vilest sinner for that which she had done. She had sold herself for her mother's sake and lo! it had all been to little avail; only one little year and a half, and she for whom she sinned had left her. And she and Claude had endless years of misery yet to live through, to say nothing of that other to whom the deadliest wrong had been done.

"If he only knew," she wailed, "if he only knew."

She dared not think on the darkness that might yet be awaiting her if her husband who loved her so passionately and believed in her so fully should ever come to hear the wretched truth. She shrank from the thought with a cry of pain. The misery of it all was very great, and yet there might come an hour in which it might all be as nothing compared to his when, if he should ever know.

"God give me strength to live on from day to day; keep me from betraying the miserable truth. Who so wretched, so sinning in this wide world as I, and yet I thought I did what the world would call my duty. And you did it for the best, oh! my mother, and I,—I also. God will forgive us for the wrong we did mother, and I in the future may atone to one at least for the past. To my husband whom I so cruelly deceived, while he so trusted me, believed me incapable of such a wrong. To keep my thoughts free of Claude must be the work of my future, even as of the past. My life work lies before me trying to atone by care and watchfulness of his slightest wish for the wrong that can never be undone; no tears of repentance can wash out my sin; daily, hourly do I suffer for the wrong I did him. When my eyes fall in very shame beneath those so full of love and faith, and I turn away while my heart sinks within me, and I bend my head lower and lower in self-humiliation.

God have mercy on the heart that holds a secret, that daily, hourly, strives to hide it deeper, to crush it down in the heart, and vain are the struggles to hush its sad wailing that its cries may not reach the outer air. If its voice ever crosses the stillness it will be to break a proud heart, and separation and public scandal will ensue. No, no never, never, if I can help it. I have had strength for much, it must never fail me, come what will, I must forever keep my secret.

Oh! these hours in which the old love crushes in upon me, and I struggle and struggle to tear my heart from its chains. Ah! if my baby had but lived I might have succeeded in centering all my hearts' hopes on her little life, ever remembering that she would bring my heart nearer to her father, but no, no, God took her. I fear he did not think me worthy to hold her. I, I who to her father am only a lie. Desolation and sorrow encompass me black as the night.

The hours wear slowly on amid its darkness and its awful stillness, a firm touch falls on her arm and a voice, so cold, so changed whispers "come with me."

'Tis the voice of her husband, Sir Earls court, and she arises and follows with a horrible terror clutching her heart and causing her brain to reel, for in that moment she knows that the fatal hour she had dreaded so has come, her sin has found her out. She had done evil that good might come, and out of that wrong had sprung only sorrow. Three lives laid waste through the one error of her life, her obedience to the will of her dead mother.

Her first thought was that God had been very merciful and taken both mother and child, she had sinned and must pay the penalty. They were saved. Her little innocent child would not now be another sufferer for her great wrong.

"My sorrow," she moaned, "for I felt too fully the sorrow that would come, and mamma did not understand what she did when she urged me on, but I, I did it all. And I should bear the punishment."

She followed Sir Earls court to her own little boudoir and he closed the door.

She stood before him full beneath the flood of light, and urged on by a desperate fear at her heart, raised her eyes to her husband's face and read her doom.

Sir Earls court's face was white and drawn, his great dark eyes were filled, startled anger and horror, and his lips quivered, so great was his agony as he strove to speak.

The wife reeled and fell upon a couch. The husband stood above her gazing into her white face.

"If he would only speak," she thought and not look at her thus. She would rather he had struck her than stand in silence gazing on her.

Presently he did, but in so altered a tone she would never have recognized this voice as his. All the old glad cheery tones had died from it as had all joy from his face.

"Bertha you have kept your secret well, but your sin has found you out. Your own words, words penned by your own hand, have condemned you." As he spoke he dropped a letter in her lap. She had not strength to touch it, and it dropped to the floor at her feet. She could not withdraw her gaze from her husband's face. In horror she sat and stared into it, never uttering sound or word.

"My wife, whom I have believed all truth, all innocence, all purity, all obedience, has proved herself all a lie, all her truth a sham, who sells herself for a fortune and a life of ease, and Claude to gain such dross. She breaks asunder two lives to gain her idol gold and not content with that, she lives a life of cruel deceit to the man whose home she has desolated, and guards daily by a life of lies her guilty secret."

She hoped for no mercy, she sought for none, she had been to him a daily lie, he had said truly. The sorrow she had done him made her shrink to witness, yet so it must be. He had been all truth, all love, all tenderness. He had given her all his heart, soul, mind. She had nothing to give him when she went to his arms, but a life filled each hour with deceit, though faithful even in thought she had tried to be and loving.

True to him she had tried to be, and had only

succeeded in being untrue most of all to herself. She had striven and hoped that all would come right some day, but alas! it had daily grown more and more wrong. As the seeds had fallen so had they grown.

And she was reaping a harvest filled with hopeless sorrow, for the wrong she had done could never be undone. The future held no chances of atonement to him for the past, for her heart she could never give unto him. All its love was buried long ago. She had sinned to Sir Earls court daily, hereby, deceived him in trying to hide her secret, crush out the love that it had become guilt to think upon.

She sought no pardon for her wrong for she knew that it could never come. She had sinned too deeply to him to dare to think of his forgiveness.

She had bowed his proud head to the dust. Stripped his life of all its joy. Desolate from this hour his life would be, bereft of all he had called his, and held so dear.

The star, the idol he had worshipped had fallen from his life, and wrecked it as its light went out.

His next words smote her to the heart. She had never been able to teach herself to love him even for one hour, yet she honored him, and all the pity in her heart was his at the sight of the desolation she had brought him. Every thought of his true heart had been centered in her, he had worshipped her as something pure and holy, and lo! his idol fell crumbling to the earth, crushing with it all his faith, his hopes, his life. For through the happy time that he had held her, she was never his, her heart was given to another, and to him she had only been a lie.

"My God that I had seen you dead before me rather than have known you false, false."

"I have so loved you Bertha, so trusted you. I would sooner have thought that the stars could fall from the heavens than that my faith could go out amid such utter blackness. To see you fallen from all truth, I wonder I can live, and know it. Bertha, Bertha, how could you do it? I never wronged you, I only loved you, and you have killed me."

Still she never spoke, only bowed her head, knowing it was just that she should live to see this hour. What could she urge in defence of her sin, nothing. All that she could say would be against that mother lying dead below.

She had done the wrong. Feeling so well what would follow, and in silence she could suffer for her heartlessness and her folly, that had led her to this hour.

She dimly felt, sitting there and gazing in stony silence on the husband she had so wronged and deceived, that there was yet one blow more to strike her, that hour in which she might stand before Claude, and meet his gaze. Life for her was over now, she felt it needed but this last drop in the bitter cup, to strike her dead, and amid the awful silence that fell between husband and wife, she wandered off to the hour in which she and Claude had parted, and she had promised to be true until death, and he had looked into her eyes, and believed they could never be parted, he had clasped her in his arms and sealed her words with a kiss. She thought on how untrue she had been to both these noble men. The untruth to Claude was as nothing weighed in the balance against the wrong she had done her husband, and she could never hope to atone to Sir Earls court for her sin.

She felt it all now, how wrong could never be made to appear right, no matter what the circumstances that caused her to commit that wrong. It all stood before her clothed in darkness blacker than the night.

Sir Earls court roused himself from the stupor into which he had fallen, and tottered to the door. On its threshold he paused and looked back on his wife, long and lingeringly.

In a low, broken voice, he said, each word falling distinctly on the silence.

"Goodbye my lost love, from this hour we part. We part forever. The day may come when I can forgive you. I cannot now, and I must not look upon your face again. The bridge between us can never be crossed."

She was alone, deserted, as she must be forever.

The night had closed, darkness without, and within, and darker still, the heart of Bertha.

She sat for long in stony silence, never moving, never even uttering one sound.

Later, she lifted the letter from the floor, smoothed it out, and began to read.

It was a letter she had written to her mother some few months ago, in answer to one the mother had penned to her, in which she had craved pardon of her child for the great wrong she had done her, the sacrifice she had required of her.

The mother had gone away from the Abbey seeking change and hoping it would restore health to her sinking frame. While away she had thought on all the past and sorrowfully, when too late repented of the wrong she had done her child, and she had written and confessed her sin and craved her child's forgiveness ere her sun set.

Bertha read it over again, word by word, and that answer told the hidden truth in all its plainness to the husband. In it she had bewailed her inability to learn to love him, also how hard she had struggled to be true. She had spoken to some length of the wrong she had done Sir Earls court and of the agony she suffered day by day, in striving to keep her secret, of her husband's great love, for and belief in her.

As she read again her own words, she knew

that while it told all to her husband, it yet pleaded for her as no prayer of her own could have done for his forgiveness. "The wrong had been too great," she said, "he could not pardon, and he must condemn."

She felt that Sir Earls court had been right. 'Twas best that they should part. It had to be, so they must never look on each other's faces more.

She could neither undo the wrong, nor in any way alleviate his sufferings, for her presence he could never learn to endure. She who had been to him a daily lie.

As that long night moved on, she sat and thought on it all, and of how different all their lives might have been, if only she had been strong, and true and firm.

Of her own life she thought but little. She thought of Claude's, and more and more of Sir Earls court's, of all the desolation her sin had caused, his was the greatest. All the rest was as nothing in comparison to the blight that fell on him.

Not one faint ray of hope or light was there left to guide her on. Alone with the memories of the fearful wreck she had caused, she must ever be. Alone, unsupported by one faint glimmering ray of hope, she must bear her sorrow.

And the darkness deepened within, and with-out.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ADELINA PATTI will sail for New York on October 22.

MISS EMMA THURSBY is in Madrid where she has had a great success.

MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH will return to the United States in August.

WAGNER'S "Ring des Nibelungen" has been performed in Berlin with great success.

"NELL GWYNNE," a new opera by Alfred Cellier, will be produced in September in New York.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH and his family will sail for New York in the steamer *Bothnia*, which will leave Liverpool June 18.

THE first performance of Mr. Henry C. Nixon's prize sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, was given in London recently.

UNDER Herr Helmsberger's direction, Haydn's *Te Deum* was beautifully sung, and admirably played, at the Austrian royal wedding.

THE choir of the Philharmonic Society of Vienna (300 members) recently went to the Chateau of Luxemburg to sing to the newly-married Crown Prince and Princess.

THE *Referee* states that the balance-sheet in connection with the Harcourt benefit has at last been published. It appears that the subscriptions and Drury Lane performance realized the handsome sum of £2,032.

THE *Birmingham Mail* learns that Mr. John Hollingshead has taken more than £20,000 with the burlesque of *The Forty Thieves* at the Gaiety. There is something remunerative in the "sacred lamp" after all the chaff that has been levelled at it.

THE new habit adopted by actors of dressing their characters, and "making up" so as to represent certain well-known personages, has been successfully illustrated by Mr. Wilson Barrett, who, as Friar John, in Mr. Wills's new drama, *Juana*, at the Court Theatre, bears a striking resemblance to Father Ignatius.

AT the third of Mr. Reeves's farewells in oratorio he was fortunately able to appear, and to sing, in "Israel in Egypt." "The enemy said," besides the recitatives "For the host of Pharaoh" and "Miriam the Prophetess." Enthusiastic applause greeted the old favourite's efforts, which he twice acknowledged after the air.

HUMOROUS.

A YOUNG lady asks if we can throw any light upon kissing. We don't want it—the thing is done just as well in the dark.

THE difference between a cat and a comma is that the one has the claws at the end of the paws, while the other has the pause at the end of the clause.

MRS. MIXER says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make the engineers boil the water on shore. In her opinion all the bursting is done by cooking the steam on board.

THE LADIES' CENSUS PROTEST.

By man, base man, forever doom'd to weep,
To flat rebellion will the wretches drive us;
They know we only can one secret keep,
And now of even that they would deprive us.

"ARE you a good rider?" asked the liveryman. "I am," answered the customer; and just then the horse reared, then stood on his fore feet, and kicked at the clouds, and the customer finished his remark from the hay-rack, saying, "See how easily I get off!"

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.

If you would have a clear complexion, a freedom from blotches, pimples, boils and all foul humors, purify and regulate the blood, liver, kidneys and bowels with Burdock Blood Bitters. Trial bottles 10 cents.

THE FRENCH DRAMA.

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

France, the country which is now more prolific in dramatic authors than any other, which now supplies the theatres of all other countries with at least the ground-work and the substance of the greater number of the plays performed in them, and which alone cultivates the art of Roscius to such a degree as to produce a school of highly trained actors, is the only civilized country, Russia perhaps excepted,—if Russia as a country may be called civilized,—which has no national drama. Among the people who have produced Corneille, Racine, and the greater Molière, Talma and Rachel, the drama is an exotic. French tragedy is Greek; French comedy, Spanish. Whatever is not Spanish in French comedy is not dramatic, although it may be comic; whatever is not Greek in French tragedy is neither tragic nor dramatic. Other civilized peoples, notably the English, have a drama which is strongly marked with national traits, which has been developed by the hands of genius from rude, indigenous germs, and which although modified externally in its perfected strength, or in its decay by the influence of other schools, still retains its national form and spirit. But France, under the pernicious influence of its Academy, and of that suckling Academy the Hôtel Rambouillet, cast aside as barbarous the crude, chaotic plays of original and elemental substance which she, like other nations, once possessed, and which yet had within them the germs of a new and characteristic dramatic literature, and deliberately assumed the position of an imitator.

The French drama is not a spontaneous growth; it is an artificial manufacture. The Hôtel Rambouillet and the Academy said, "Go to! let us make to ourselves the drama. In comedy we will form it upon the intrigues of the Spanish stage; in tragedy we will emulate the severe simplicity of the Greeks. It shall be very correct and proper according to the rules of art and convenience, if not very decent morally; certain words shall be allowed to the comic writers, and certain others to the tragic, and it shall be literary felony for either to use the other's language; and let us beware that the unities are rigidly observed." And they did so: and thus it is that in the French Drama what is essential is foreign, and what is national is adventitious.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

HE CALLED RATHER EARLY.

A party of Sioux Indians were guests at a leading Milwaukee hotel, and the ladies had a great deal of amusement with them studying their customs. That is, they all did except one lady. The ladies called upon the Indians, and the savages returned the calls almost before the ladies got to their rooms. One lady called upon the chief and then went to her room and retired, and pretty soon after there was a knock at the door, and she found it was the chief. She told him to come in the morning. The lady unlocked her door in the morning so the porter can come in and build a fire before she gets up. She heard a knock in the morning, and, supposing it was porter, she said, "Come in." The door opened and in walked Mr. Indian. She took one look at him and pulled the bed-clothes over her head. He sat down on the side of the bed, and said, "How?" Well, she was so scared that she didn't know "How" from Adam. She said to him in the best Sioux that she could command: "Please, good Mr. Indian, go away until I get up," but he didn't seem to be in a hurry.—He picked up pieces of her wearing apparel from the floor, different articles that he didn't seem to know anything about where they were worn, and made comments on them in the Sioux tongue. The stockings seems to paralyze his untutored mind the most. They were those long 90 degrees in the shade stockings, and they were too much for his feeble intellect. He held them up by the toes and said, "Ugh!" The lady trembled and wished he would go away. He seemed to take great delight in examining the hair on the bureau, and looked at the lady as much as to say, "Poor girl! some hostile tribe has made war on the pale face and taken many scalps." Finally she happened to think of the bell, and she rang it as though the house was on fire, and pretty soon the porter came and invited the Indian to go down-stairs to take a drink. The lady looked that door too quick, and she will never leave it open again when there are Indians in town. She says her hair—on the bureau—fairly turned gray from fright.

AN OLD NORWEGIAN TOWN.

Stavanger is one of the most ancient towns in Norway. It looks as if it were one of the most ancient in the world; its very brightness, with its faded red houses, open windows, and rugged pavements, being like the color and smile one sees sometimes on a cheerful, wrinkled old face. The houses are packed close together, going uphill as hard as they can; roofs red tiled; gable ends red tiled also, which gives a droll eyebrow effect to the ends of the houses, and helps wonderfully to show off pretty faces just beneath them, looking out of windows. All the windows open in the middle, outwards, like shutters; and it would not be much risk to say that there is not a window-sill in all Stavanger without flowers. Certainly we did not see one in a three-hours' ramble. From an old watch-tower, which stands on the top of the first sharp hill above

the harbor is a sweeping offlook, seaward and coastward, to north and south: long promontories, green and curving, with low red roofs here and there, shot up into relief by the sharp contrast of color; bays of blue water breaking in between; distant ranges of mountains glittering white; thousands of islands in sight at once. Stavanger's approach strikes Norway's key-note with a bold hand, and old Norway and new Norway meet in Stavanger's market-place. An old cathedral, the oldest but one in the country, looks down a little inner harbor, where lie sloops loaded with gay pottery of shapes and colors copied from the latest patterns out in Staffordshire. These are made by peasants many miles away, on the shores of the fjords: bowls, jars, flower-pots, jugs, and plates, brown, cream-coloured, red, and white; painted with flowers, and decorated with Grecian and Etruscan patterns in simple lines. The sloop decks are piled high with them,—a gay show, and an odd enough freight to be at sea in a storm. The sailors' heads bob up and down among the pots and pans, and the salesman sits flat on the deck, lost from view, until a purchaser appears. Miraculously cheap this pottery is, as well as fantastic of shape and color; one could fit out his table, off one of these crockery sloops, for next to nothing. Along the wharves were market-stands of all sorts: old women selling fuschias, myrtles, carrots and cabbages, and blueberries, all together; piles of wooden shoes, too,—clumsy things, hollowed out of a single chunk of wood, shaped like a Chinese junk keel, and coarsely daubed with black paint on the outside; no heel to hold them on, and but little toe. The racket made by shuffling along on pavements in them is amazing, and "down at the heel" becomes a phrase of new significance, after one has heard the thing done in Norway.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

EVEN BURGLARS ARE RUSHED.

"Why," he replied to a cop, "I never saw so much push and rush in Detroit since the war, and I presume it is so all over the country. The boom even extends to my profession, which you are aware is that of burglary. I haven't been so rushed in ten years. I have advertised in a dozen papers for a pal, but can't get one at any price. Third class men, only fit to put up ladders, hold lighted candles, pound with a sledge and swear an alibi, are getting their own prices this year. The two I had struck for seven dollars a day apiece, and I had to pay it or let my business go to ruin. You have no idea of the number of chances we have had for jobs this year, and the season is promising all that any burglar could ask for. I am so puzzled that I hardly know which way to turn first."

"Anything very big on hand?"

"Oh, a dozen of 'em. I ought to go up Woodward avenue to-night and rob a house where two back windows have been left up for a whole week, but I may not get around to it because one of my pals is dead drunk in his room upstairs. Then there's a splendid show down Fort street. Two of the back doors won't lock, some of the chamber windows are unfastened, and there's half a cord of silverware piled up in one room. Duty tells me that I ought to take it in right away, but something may prevent. Dear me, but I wish I could hire at least three first-class burglars for the next six weeks. I've got a special lay for them!"

"Anything startling?"

"Well, no. There's a bank in Toledo we could get at very handy, a jeweller over in Chicago who aches to be robbed, and I know of a farmer out here a few miles who has \$3,000 in gold in the house. If I had two good men I could gather in at least \$50,000 within the next ten days, but this boom has taken me all aback. I need two full sets of burglars' tools right off, but my blacksmith is rushed with other work, and must delay me. I went yesterday to see about wigs and whiskers, but found a dozen orders ahead of me."

"It's unfortunate."

"Well, I should say so! It just makes my heart ache to know that scores of back doors are unlocked, hundreds of windows left open, heaps of silver and jewellery left kicking around, and here I am so fixed that I can't half push business. I'm nervous and uneasy, but I can't mend matters as I see. If you happen to come across a first-class hall thief and a pair of professional cracksmen, I wish you'd send 'em to me. I'll guarantee the very highest wages and steady employment for the season."—*M. Quail*.

"MEASURING THE BABY."

Don't measure the baby! There is an old superstition that if you do it will die before the year is out, and it's always best to be on the safe side. Do you see that name written in lead pencil on the door casing? Well, that's where we measured the baby. If you get down on your knees you will be able to read, "Jim; just so high." It wasn't a year ago that we all came out here, father, mother and the girls and got down on the grass and stood him up there. He was a sight to look at—all pink and white, with the softest rings of hair and eyes like violets in the spring, and he'd laugh and tumble down and we'd all laugh and cheer him up again, and Jenny laid the pencil on his head, and notched the wall, and then we wrote that to mark the spot, but I've wished many a time since I'd never had it done. You see we had been reading some pretty verses about that very thing,

and it just fitted to our baby exactly in the beginning:

"We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall,
A lily grew on the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall."

That was so like our baby that I cut that verse out, and pasted it in the blank leaf of the big Bible. Then Jenny said there were more verses that suited him, but after getting the full drift of the poetry, I most wished we hadn't seen it, but I took two more verses and let them go with the other; here they are:

"His eyes were wide as blue bells,
(That's little Jim exactly!)
His mouth like a flower unblown;
(That's him again)
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown."

"And we thought with a thrill of rapture,
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls round with her roses
We'll measure the boy again."

Now, if it had stopped there, as I expected it would, I'd have nothing to say, and there'd be another mark on the door-casing "so much higher," but—but—well, what's the use of beating about the bush in this way. You see there's no mark there and it wasn't any superstition after all. I went to-day into the room where he lay, all white and peaceful like, and so still that it was as in to cry and disturb his sleep, and I added the rest of the poetry, that Jennie had kept without knowing why, to the old Bible.

"We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below."

"And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan;
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown."

That tells the story of little Jim better than I could tell it; that is why there's a hush over all the house, and the sun is too bright, and the birds have stopped singing, and we can never again measure the baby, for he has gone "so high" that we can only reach him by the golden ladder of death.

HEARTH AND HOME.

BE NEAT AND TRIM.—A woman can render herself attractive in many ways; but no woman can win admiration who does not study personal neatness. Fine clothes will not conceal the slattern. A young woman with her hair always in disorder, and her clothes tumbling about her as if thrown at her with a pitchfork, is always repulsive. Slattern is written on her person from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and if she wins a husband he will turn out, in all probability, either an idle fool or a drunkard.

A STITCH IN TIME.—In all the affairs of life it is the stitch in time that saves us trouble. Some of us seem to find it impossible to take it; we are delayed about repairing the roof, for want of material, till the dampness cracks the plaster, and peels off the wall paper, and gives us bronchitis; we would take such pleasure in settling our bills before the interest doubles them as only he who owes them knows; we realize the necessity of a stitch in time in our own affairs, but have no thread and needle, so to speak; or we fancy that we will attend to them to-morrow, or next week, or after we have gotten through with the work in hand, and then they are beyond mending. Sometimes it is our friendships that show a break, when a word spoken in season, how good it is! What tears and regrets it saves us! Many a heartache could be spared us by a seasonable adjustment of difficulties.

THE MAN TO LOVE.—"I could not," writes a lady, "love a man a little my superior. I should detest my equal—I should despise my superior; although I conceive an assemblage of qualities in a man of no great strength of mind that could win my regard; and, perhaps, if I were called upon to cherish and protect him I might cultivate a certain for him—a kind of motherly sentiment. I have thought it all over a hundred times. But the man for me to love is one vastly my superior, not so much in accomplishments, nor even in intellect, but in irresistible force of character; a man who will compel my spirit to bend its knee to his; who will command my soul to stand still, and shine on him as Joshua commanded the sun; who can trample my will to the dust beneath the tread of his irresistible and indomitable energy and fixity and courage. I require he should make me worship and fear him; and that instead of guiding and protecting me, should master me. I want that he should conquer the domain of my soul, add it to his own, and then generously divide the sovereignty between us."

THE JAPANESE AND THEIR FOOD.—Miss Bird, the authoress of the interesting new book, "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," remarks—"The fact is that unless one can live on rice, tea and eggs, food must be taken, as the fishy and vegetable abominations known as 'Japanese Food' can only be swallowed and digested by a few, and that after long practice. After several months' travelling in some of the roughest parts in the interior I should advise a person in average health—and none others should travel in Japan—not to encumber himself with tinned meats, soups, claret, or other eatables or drinkables except Liebig's Extract of Meat."—*Morning Post*.

FOOT NOTES.

AT a recent *soirée* in the Paris Observatory, M. Trouvé showed a live fish with its body lit up from within by his polyscope, a minute form of which, with conducting wires passing to the hands of the operator, the animal had been housed to swallow (comfortably, let us hope). The whole body became transparent in the dark, so that the vertebrae could be counted, and all details examined.

MARKING SALMON.—The Fish Commissioners of Maine have adopted the plan of marking salmon to obtain data with regard to the development and migrations of these fish. Several hundred salmon lately set free in the Penobscot River have been labelled with light metal tags, the number on each being recorded. The Commissioners ask that whoever catches a labelled salmon in any waters of the State will forward to them the fish, for which they will pay an extra price, or else forward the label and whatever they know about the fish that wore it.

THE London (Ont.) disaster, recall in the name of the wrecked steamer *Victoria*, the ill-luck that has followed so many vessels called after members of the Royal Family, especially the disaster on the English Thames, when the *Princess Alice* was run down by the *Bywell Castle*, and six hundred people were ushered, without much ceremony, into eternity. Does an almost equally horrible fate hang over the names of the Royal Family that is said to cling about the name *Jasper*? No ship, it is said, that carried the name of Jasper, ever made a second voyage.

PAT'S VERSION OF A FIGHT.—It was an Irishman of quaint humour and a power of vivid description whom a party of gentlemen met on a steamer last summer. "When ye went to the beach did ye see Mac?" he asked. "Shure Mac is a rare quiet, decent man, but he's not the kind of man ye'd like to have thrubble with. Sure he was building a house, and he had a dispute with the owner; and the owner wint and got a kind of prize-fighter—what was his name? the Cornish pet, or something loike that—and sint him to lick Mac. And when Mac saw him a coming he jist told him that he wouldn't be after spaking a word to him—that he wouldn't have no thrubble with him at all, at all. Well, sur, the Cornish Pet he hit Mac once, and that was all. Shure, when Mac had finished with that prize-fighter they had to take a door off the hinges, and carry home the pieces of him."

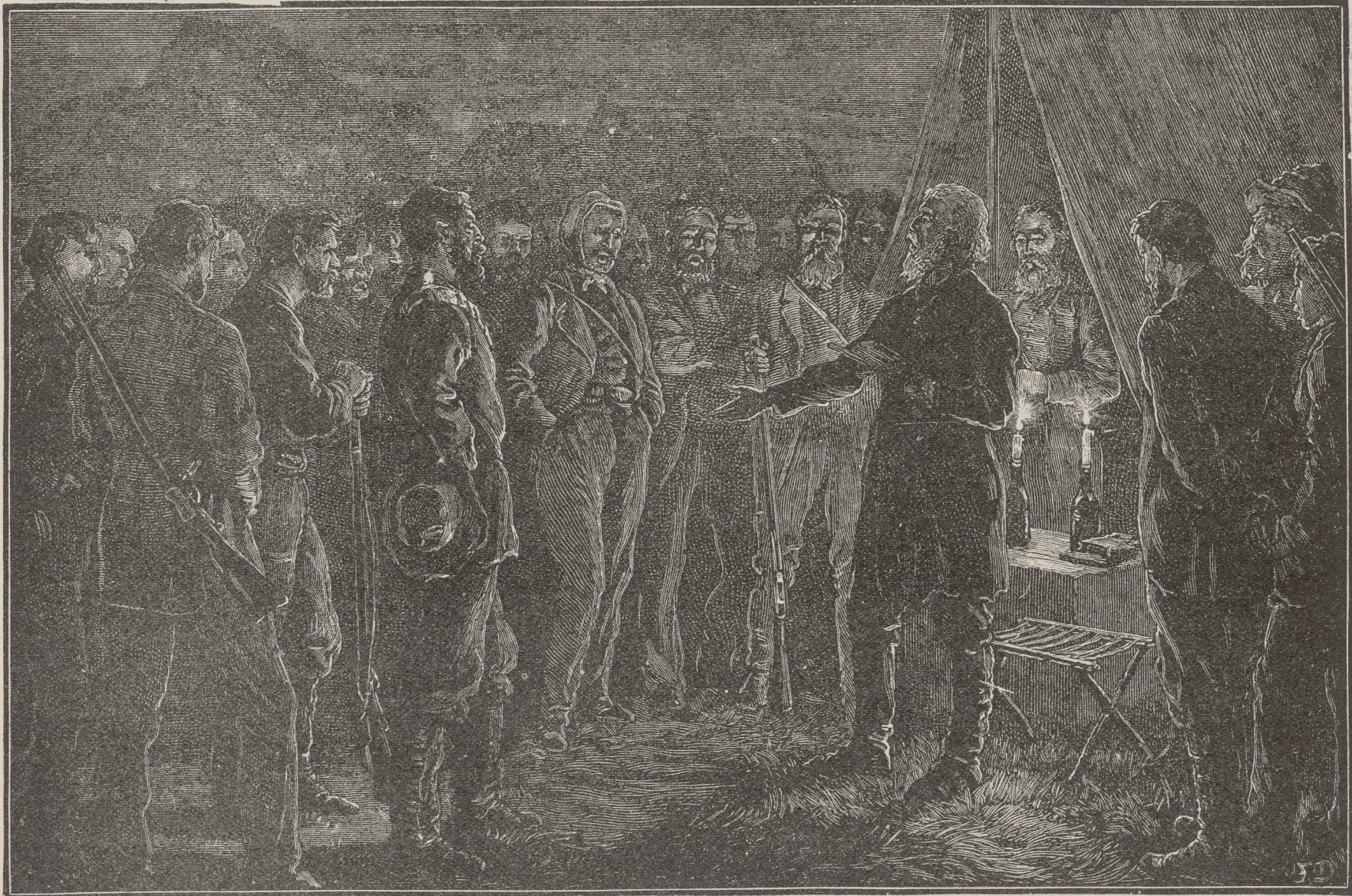
A good deal of chaff about "spring poets" is current in the newspapers. And not without reason, for that there is a subtle connection between spring and poetry, no one will be rash enough to deny. Were Mr. Buckle in existence, he might possibly be able to explain the matter. The poetry that is accepted for *Scribner's Monthly* is kept to a long drawer in a safe. Each poem is placed in an envelope, with date of receipt, and address of the writer. The envelopes are then placed in the long drawer, which is, perhaps, three feet long, and arranged according to subjects. First come the poems that admit of illustration. These take up about two inches. Then there is an inch of "Winter," then four inches of "Love;" then some miscellaneous subjects, taking up half an inch to two inches of space; and, finally,—packed close,—there is about a foot and a half of "Spring!"

MR. EDWARD WHYMPER, in his recent paper before the Royal Geographical Society, gave an interesting correction of a very popular error concerning American geography. In all textbooks of geography, it will be found given as a geographical common-place, that the Andes consist of two parallel Cordilleras or ranges, running north and south, an eastern and a western, with a well-marked depression between. Mr. Whympér has done what no one else has,—scaled several of the highest Andean peaks; he is a thoroughly trustworthy and competent observer; he took every advantage of his exceptional position to discover the fact with regard to the two cordilleras, and comes to the deliberate conclusion that, besides the low heights near the coast, there is really only one Andean range. The old doctrine, however, is based on too many data to be so easily overthrown; its two accepted ranges, for one thing, are admittedly quite different in geological complexion—the eastern being almost entirely volcanic, and the western non-volcanic and fossiliferous.

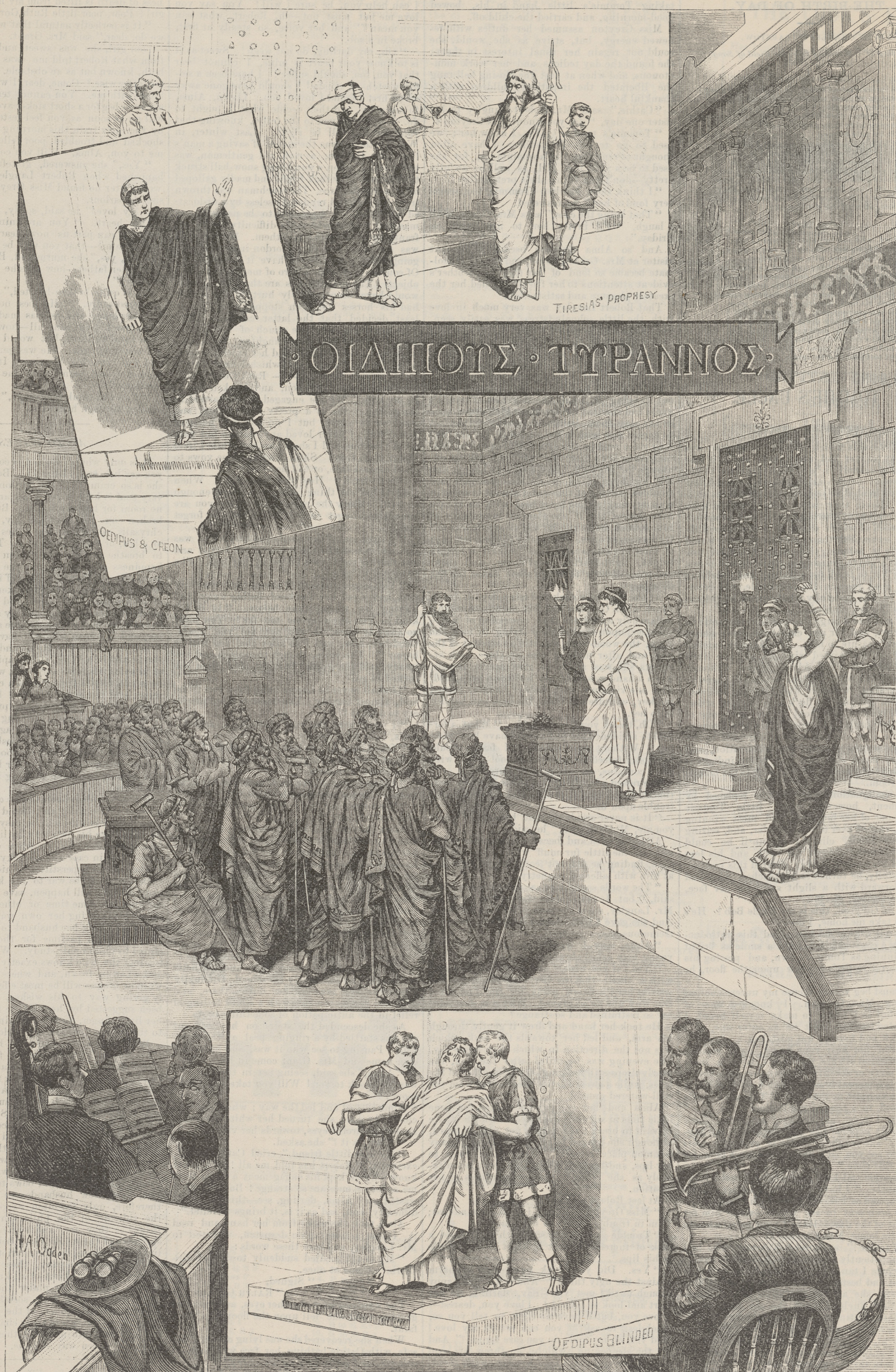
THE efforts of distinguished public speakers and performers are often impaired by hoarseness. No specific for throat and lung affections has been found the remedy this trouble with such certainty and promptitude as THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL. This inexpensive but sterling remedy used inwardly and outwardly, often-times in a few hours entirely overcomes sore throat or a cold, and may be depended upon to produce the best effects in incipient bronchitis, asthma, croup, catarrh, quinsy and other affections of the breathing organs. It is also a sovereign remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney disorders, piles, excoriation of the nipples, bruises, scalds and hurts of all kinds. It is also used in some of the leading trotting stables of the country for equine disorders and injuries. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont.



THE TROUBLES IN IRELAND.—MR. WALTER BURKE SERVING HIS OWN WRITS OF EJECTMENT.



IN THE TRANSVAAL.—THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN THE BOER'S CAMP ON THE DECLARATION OF PEACE.



THE REPRESENTATION OF SOPHOCLES' TRAGEDY OF "OEDIPUS TYRANNUS" IN THE ORIGINAL GREEK, AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

THE BIRTH OF DAY.

BY CHARLES H. BARSTOW.

Author of "Wildings from the Field of Song."

I.

Hushed, in their far-off caves, the night-winds sleep;
A solemn stillness holds the sleeping world;
The glittering stars their lonely vigils keep.
While Night's dark banner o'er the earth's unfurled.
The towering hills loom darkly o'er the vale,
Unlit by pale-browed Cynthia's tranquil beam;
The waters lapse like voices in a dream;
The whispering alder woos with amorous tale.
But lo! above yon mountain's crown, a beam
Of silver light shines in heaven's eastern way,
And broader grows, till, like some beauteous dream,
The rose-hued Dawn heralds the god of Day.
And forth he rolls—his white steeds prancing high—
In fiery car, athwart the glowing sky.

II.

All Nature, with one impulse, springs to life;
The shadows flee from off the earth, away,
And every leafy grove with song is rife—
The brook's glad voice and bird's ecstatic lay.
The flowers, that erstwhile drooped their heads full low,
Unclose their leaves, and, 'o his artful wiles,
Flash from their dewy lips enchanting smiles,
And, 'neath his bold, admiring gaze, soft glow
With blushes rosy-red. And now ascend
From cottage home, low nestling in yon vale,
Blue spiral wreaths of smoke, that tell the tale
Of Night's reign o'er. And forth the labourers wend,
With thankful voices, tuned to joyous lay,
For sweet rest past and for returning day.

TOMMIE'S UNCLE.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL.

The school in which Miss Alma Greyton was assistant teacher had overflowed, as it is the custom of schools in populous districts to do, and a small neighbouring church school-house had been rented to receive the superfluous children. Herein they were duly installed with Miss Greyton, to instruct, reward, and admonish them, each of which duties is much more difficult to accomplish than a careless observer would be likely to believe. However, Alma Greyton was not a girl to grumble at trials; it was necessary for her to teach for a living, and, yielding with a good grace to the inevitable, she determined to take gratefully whatever of brightness the occupation afforded.

The girl had a large share of the romantic in her nature, and her new class-room was a source of great pleasure to her. She liked the arched ceiling and the stained windows, and she liked the isolation from the school proper, although order and discipline suffered somewhat thereby. One morning, just after Miss Greyton had succeeded in getting her flock into working order, she was startled by a shout of joy from one of her little pupils; she turned sharply around, with the slate she had been ruling still in her hand, to see the cause of the exclamation, and was very much surprised and rather indignant to see a young gentleman standing in the middle of the room.

Her indignation was speedily replaced by amusement, however, when little Tommie Grant, one of her brightest and most winning pupils, rushed over to the intruder, and, seizing both his hands, climbed up until he could throw his arms around his neck and his legs around his waist; having secured this position successfully, he turned to his teacher, who had come forward with a slight smile on her face, and announced, gleefully—

"Miss Greyton, this is my Uncle Bob! He's tum to take me home, I dess!"

Tommie's uncle acknowledged this introduction by a courteous bow, and a smile as bright and winning as Tommie's own, and placing his demonstrative little nephew upon the floor, he said:

"I must beg you to excuse my unceremonious entrance, Miss Greyton. I knocked once or twice, but as I failed to make myself heard, I concluded the door must be an outer one, so I opened it and found I was mistaken."

"I did not hear your knock," she replied. "A profound silence does not exist in a room where sixty or seventy children are assembled."

"It is a marvel how you can keep the little shavers as quiet as they are!" Tommie's uncle remarked, in a tone of admiration.

"Oh, I must not boast of my order, since your little nephew has just broken it so flagrantly," she laughed. "He is evidently overjoyed to see you, so I suppose he must be unrebuked this time."

"Tommie and I are great friends," said Tommie's uncle. "I have just returned after a year's absence, and as I leave home again very soon I have been sent to ask you to excuse him for the rest of the day. Have I your permission to take him home, Miss Greyton?"

"Of course!" exclaimed Tommie, who had been impatiently tugging at his uncle's hand; "of course I can do home! Miss Greyton is the doodest and bestest teacher in the world, Uncle Rob, and she always lets little boys do home with their uncles;" and the sly little rogue smiled insinuatingly in the young lady's face.

Alma looked rather aghast at this audacious statement, the case being quite unprecedented, but she only said, as she encountered an amused twinkle in the young man's eye,

"Tommie has already learnt the art of gaining his desires by flattery. After such a compliment I can hardly refuse to let him go with you. I trust, however, that you will not consider his rather eccentric speech as a specimen of my good teaching."

Tommie's uncle laughed, shook his head, and,

taking Tommie's little hand in his, bowed good-morning, and carried the child off.

Miss Greyton assumed her duties with renewed energy, but, strive as she would, she could not regain her usual interest in them; she found the day tedious and her work monotonous, and when at last the closing bell rang she liberated the impatient children with a thankful heart.

"Cathie," said Mr. Robert Langley to his sister one day, "do you know Miss Greyton?"

"Tommie's teacher? Yes, I know her; we used to go to school together. I have often thought of renewing the acquaintance, for she used to be a very nice girl, as well as awfully pretty—don't you think she's pretty, Rob?"

"I think she's lovely! Tommie, too, seems very fond of her," he answered.

"That being the case," says Mrs. Grant, with a laugh, "I'll invite her to my party on Friday."

And so Alma Greyton became a frequent visitor at Mrs. Grant's house, and her old school-mate became so fond of her that her brother's evident attentions to her friend afforded her the greatest pleasure and satisfaction.

That Robert Langley was very much in love with the little schoolmistress was easily seen, but his sister, anxious match-maker that she was, could not understand his tardiness in speaking. She was sure that Alma was ready to make him happy whenever he should choose to ask her. In that opinion she was right.

Miss Greyton had lost her heart almost without knowing it, upon the day that Tommie's uncle had startled her by his sudden appearance in her class-room, but she acknowledged the fact to herself now with a happy smile, for she had long since read in the eyes that beamed so tenderly into her's that she had won his in exchange for her own. She was very happy, and she wondered if he was. He was pale and troubled-looking at times and almost brusque in manner, making her heart beat with an uneasy nervousness, but if she glanced inquiringly at him at such moments, he was all gentleness and tenderness at once. But, after the first few days of their acquaintance, Alma missed a certain bright, light-hearted playfulness, and spent many a half-hour to assign some cause for the change.

At the close of a dark and rainy day—a day in which Alma Greyton had felt an unaccountable melancholy and dread take possession of her—she stood upon the doorstep trying to lock the door; the wood-work was stiff on account of the rain, and after making two or three vain attempts she was about to give up in despair, when a hand was suddenly laid upon her's, and, with one vigorous twist, Robert Langley turned the key, withdrew it from the lock and handed it to her.

"Oh, thank you!" she said. "What a fortunate accident that you should have been passing! Without your assistance I fear I should have been forced to leave my school-room, with all it contains, an easy prize to burglars."

She raised a laughing face to his, but the merriment faded from it at the sight of the gloomy trouble upon his.

"It is never accident that brings me where you are, Miss Greyton," he said.

Alma coloured and became very much interested in the little fur muff which she carried; then, finding he did not continue, she glanced at him with affected coquetry.

"The words sound like a compliment," she said, "but I can hardly take them as such, Mr. Langley, since the tone is so very solemn." And she gave a little laugh, but it was rather a tremulous one.

"Alma, may I walk home with you?" the young man asked abruptly.

"Yes," if you wish," she answered, noticing with a thrill that in his earnestness he had spoken her Christian name for the first time. But why was he so grave? Why was his manner so restrained and so strange?

He took her hand and drew it gently through his arm, and led her towards the park, which was not the direction in which her home lay. The evening was beautiful after the rain, the pearly drops still hanging on the branches of the trees, while a sweet earthy odour arose from the well-watered ground.

Alma and her companion walked for some little time in silence—a silence which she strove in vain to break; she could not utter a word, although she longed to remove the spell by any common-place remark. None would come to her lips, and her heart began to beat tumultuously as she realized the awkwardness of her position.

At last Robert spoke.

"Miss Greyton—Alma—I want your advice; I am in trouble—will you help me?"

"Trouble—you!" she said with a gasp and a look of incredulity that brought a bitter smile to his lips.

"Yes. Did you think I possessed a charm against the ugly thing? And yet I was happy enough until I met you—nay, darling, do not start and look so pained! I love you, dearest—I love you, but I have no right to tell you so, much less to ask if you can return my love! And yet, oh my love, do you care for me?" And in the deepening twilight he threw his arm around her and gazed into her face with pleading, passionate eyes.

The girl drew herself away from him. Her face had grown pallid to the lips, but she had regained her composure. She looked at him gravely and questioningly.

"I do not understand you," she said; "you act so strangely. You speak of trouble—oh, if

I can help you, be sure I will! You say you love me but must not—oh, Robert, what can you mean?" and her voice, so steady at first, broke in a sob.

"Oh, my darling, do not weep! Sweet as it is to know your heart is mine, I cannot bear that you, too, should suffer! I have been a selfish wretch—a villain! I should have gone away when first I found I loved you. Listen, Alma, to my story, and then decide what I ought to do. I will obey you to the letter, knowing that your decision will be right. Last winter, in Washington, I was the means of saving a man's life. Mr. Gordon, a rich old gentleman, was out driving, when a wandering snow-ball struck the horses; they took fright and madly galloped off at a furious pace. The coachman was thrown from his seat and rendered useless by a dislocated shoulder. I happened to be passing, and managed with considerable difficulty to stop the frantic creatures and quiet them. My left wrist was sprained, and Mr. Gordon insisted on my going home with him to have it attended to. Of course, they made a hero of me, and I did not object. The probabilities are that Mr. Gordon would have been seriously hurt, if not killed, had his horses not been stopped soon; he, at least, decided that the latter calamity would have occurred, and made much of me accordingly. He had an only daughter, Alma, who chose to agree with him, and her gratitude magnified by the trifling hurt which I had received in his service, grew into—Ruth Gordon honored me with her affection, and I asked her to be my wife. We are engaged to be married in the spring. She is a pretty little thing, and good as an angel, but I do not love her and never did. I never loved any woman but you, Alma Greyton, and I shall love you while I live! What shall I do? Shall I swear false vows to one I cannot love, or tell her—"

"Oh, hush! How can you ask? When there is but one thing to do, it is simple enough to do it. Marry the woman to whom you are bound, and forget me, as I will try—to forget you!"

"Forget you!" he cried, and before she was aware of it he had caught her to his breast and was raining passionate kisses on her face. She struggled to be free.

"You forget yourself!" she gasped, the flush that had dyed her forehead fading away and leaving her whiter than before. "It is not kind! You—you try me too far! You must go away at once. I will not see you again. Good-bye, now, and I do hope that you will be happy!" The voice, though tremulous and unsteady, said the words bravely, and then she turned to go.

"I shall never be happy away from you!" he said, almost harshly; "You know it is but mockery to wish it!"

"I will pray for your happiness and for her's," she said, gently.

"Oh, Alma, do not leave me so coldly! Say at least that you forgive me!" he cried, his voice sharp with pain.

"I forgive you!" she said, and laid her hand in his. He covered it with kisses.

"Good-bye, my only love, good-bye!" he said and left her.

Alma Greyton had known sorrow, and spent many an anxious day and night, but never in her life had she suffered as she did when Robert Langley left her standing in the chill dusk of that fall evening. A wave of woe and desolation seemed to have swept over her soul, leaving her utterly heart-sick and miserable. All night through the same thoughts followed each other in her mind in unchanging succession.

"He was gone—gone to wed another, and she loved him. Oh, how she loved him! She would never see him again! He was gone—gone!" In the morning she arose, weary and apathetic and dressed mechanically for school. Gradually she awoke to a sense of her duties there, and hastened her movements with a slight feeling of relief in the anticipation of something to do.

As she descended the stairs on her way out she was startled by a ringing peal at the door-bell. Pausing to see who it was, she heard her own name and Mrs. Grant come in hurriedly.

"Alma," she said, seeing her in the hall, "I want to speak to you! Will you take me to your room?"

Alma turned and led the way; when she had closed the door, she turned her white face with its darkly-circled eyes, towards her visitor.

"What is it?" she asked.

"My dear little friend," cried Cathie Grant, excitedly, "Robert has told me all! I do not know why he kept his engagement a secret from me so long—men are so strange! But why do I waste time? Alma, darling, see—this solves the difficulty, and, sad as it is, it brings us relief."

Alma took the paper from her hand and read it. It was a telegraphic despatch, directed to Mr. Langley, and bore these words:

"My daughter died suddenly to-day of diphtheria. Come at once."

"Signed,

"RALPH GORDON."

The words swam before her eyes, and with one gasping moan she fell upon the floor in a dead faint.

When she recovered she was lying on her little sofa with Cathie bathing her face with eau-de-cologne, and softly kissing her cheek.

"Are you better, love?" said that kind little woman, cheerfully.

At the sound of her voice the girl burst into tears.

"Oh, it is so sad," she sobbed, "and yet—oh, it is wicked, horrible that I should feel this joy! I hate myself, but oh, Cathie, the black-

ness of death is lifted from my heart! Ah, poor girl! Poor, poor little Ruth Gordon!"

"It is perfectly natural that we should feel as we do, dear," said Mrs. Grant. "Ruth Gordon—poor girl, she was sweet and good, judging from what Robert told me—was a stranger to us both, known but as an obstacle. How could we feel otherwise? Come, dear, I want you to come home with me. You cannot teach to-day, and we must beg for a short sick-leave for you. We will go as soon as you feel rested. Robert left by the early train this morning; he was greatly shocked and troubled, poor fellow, but he sent me to you, Alma. Will you come, dear?"

"Yes," she answered, gratefully. And so it happened when Robert Langley returned two weeks later he found Miss Greyton alone in his sister's parlour.

"My love!" he said, softly, and folded her to his heart. "You are mine now, Alma? Nothing can part us now, dear one! Tell me you love me—that you will be my wife!"

"Oh, yes," she murmured. But, Robert, your friend her father—how does he bear his terrible trouble?"

He is quite broken-hearted," the young man answered sadly. "He does not expect to survive her long, and he has made me his heir. Of course I told him all—how I would have been loyal to Ruth, but would now marry you if I could win you. He was generous and kind, and sent you his blessing. It is strange how fond the old man is of me! He has no relations."

"I do not think it strange," she whispered, smiling through her tears.

AS TO WIVES.

It is only when a woman becomes a wife that you see her true character. Before this epoch she is so cramped in conventionalities that her very soul is kept covered up, and her heart has no room for healthy action. But the bonds are broken on her wedding-day, when, from a chrysalis condition, she comes out a butterfly, or a bee, or perchance a wasp. Then she begins to breathe freely, and to aim at the supreme happiness of womankind—the having her own way. The husband, still stiff in his own conceit, is fairly startled and shaken with the shock of a surprise. The meek and modest maiden whom he courted so cavalierly soon shows him she is a woman with a tongue and with a temper, and a woman who will have her own way. When he talks about Home and Happiness, and the Duties of a Wife, all in capitals, she laughs at him for his innocence, and wants to know if he would like to treat her as a child, as did her nurse, and her governess, and her mother, and her chaperon, to keep up the proprieties. Possibly some of his over-weening conceit is thus laughed out of him, and he agrees to take his proper place as his wife's husband, giving up with a sigh the good old copybook and church-service mottoes about being her lord and master, and getting from her nothing but honour and obedience.

If this sensible conclusion be quickly come to, all may yet be well; and should he bear the yoke gracefully, his wife will be easy with him, will let him have his own way in little things, and look as docile as a dove when company is present. But in case the unlucky husband clings to the ancient superstition of his own authority, then there will be war to the knife, and none can tell what will happen, save the certain ending that, at some time or other, the wife will succeed in having her own way. To watch a woman training her husband to fetch and carry is a delightful pastime for those who are inclined to philosophic study. With heaven-born instinct the wife knows exactly when to smile, and when to frown, and where a touch of the whip or tongue will be most effectual. Graciously giving way to his wishes, after they have been suggested by herself, she turns him round her little finger, and holds him up laughingly to the gaze of a wondering world.

Women are not generally humourists; but they cannot help feeling the fun of the thing when they so successfully manage their husbands, who all the while think they are managing them. This artful appearance of innocence and obedience is, indeed, the surest sign that a wife is having her own way. She is not so foolish as to care for the semblance of power. He may seem to be the master, and really act as the figure-head of the vessel; but the wife rules the rudder, and steers the ship whithersoever she may chance to wish. Every wise married man knows this to be so, and bows to the inevitable. But, then, few husbands are wife; and they, therefore, only too often expose themselves to the ridicule of the philosophic few, who see things as they are, and smile serenely at the spectacle of these cold lions being driven, each in single harness, in the chariot of home. They are but poor company, these married men; being either tamed out of all knowledge, or else restless and chafing under the bit and reins. Their wives are far more sociable and amusing, because they are women of the world, who have shown the strength of their character by choosing men for husbands, and then having everything their own way.—Time.

LETTER paper of a different colour for every day in the week is now all the rage in Paris, the colours most in vogue being pale green for Monday, red for Tuesday, dark grey for Wednesday, blue for Thursday, white for Friday, straw colour for Saturday, and a delicate mauve for Sunday.

MISCELLANY.

An interesting question of endurance has just been settled in Arkansas, where a negro murderer had been convicted on circumstantial evidence, and sentenced to death; but made the most solemn protestations of innocence. The murderer would not own up, and the Governor would not commute his sentence, and so the day of execution came on, when His Excellency signed the commutation just at the moment the negro made his confession.

A REMARKABLE feat in journalism and telegraphy was the transmission to the Chicago Times recently, of 83,715 words of a special despatch containing the revised version of the Four Gospels. About 50,000 words were sent in addition before the Revision reached Chicago by mail, when composition from the printed copy was begun, and the Times presented the whole New Testament in the form of a Sunday supplement. It was the Times which not long ago performed the feat of printing a description of the Oxford-Cambridge boat-race three hours before the start was made at Putney, thanks to the cable and difference in time.

A SUCCESSOR to Mr. George Robins, that gifted auctioneer, who once described a property he was offering for sale as perfect, but for one defect—the singing of the nightingales was apt to disturb the sleep of the residents, — has been discovered in London, who calls a duck-pond “an aqueous provision for the poultry,” and thus describes a “Residential Estate” which he has been instructed to bring to the hammer. “The house is a splendid home, replete with all that art and science could devise to render it perfect in fulfilling the requirements of a patriotic or a peer, an opulent citizen, or a man of letters,—with a sumptuous suite of reception rooms, unique in the richness of their adornments, classic in the perfection of their style, and for symmetry of proportion and harmony in design an example to any age, in striking contrast to the anachronisms of the day,” and “surpassingly beautiful grounds, of which the combination of attractions make the summer too short for their enjoyment and rob the winter of its dread.”

ANCIENT BOYS AT SCHOOL.—At seven years of age the Roman boys studied Greek and Latin grammar together. The sons of centurions went to school at 5 a.m., with their satchels and counting tables slung over their shoulders, and studied in school-rooms on the ground floor, where they were so well and thoroughly flogged that their howls aroused the neighbours at very unseasonable hours. Martial and other satirists spoke of their cries and blubberings as one of the chief nuisances of the early morning hours. The masters were great disciplinarians, and esteemed corporal punishment as one of the chief means of inducting that precious boon, knowledge, into dull heads. The ancients believed that boys were naturally vicious and required taming. So great a teacher as Plato laid down the axiom that “A boy was the most ferocious of animals.” Others, like Quintilian, protested against undue flogging. Pictures found in Herculaneum show that the system of flogging was in vogue; also, that in some schools both sexes were together, although the education of girls was comparatively neglected. In the higher social circles girls were taught music and dancing, and other fashionable branches, as nowadays. Tuition was very cheap, less than a cent a day. The boys had holidays in March and December and a long vacation in the summer, from June 24th to October 19th, a great part of which was spent with their parents at Roman Newports and Coney Islands. At fourteen they were put into high schools, where they studied rhetoric, poetry, and belles-lettres generally, their previous efforts having been confined to reading, writing and arithmetic, with Greek and Latin grammar and verses. The younger children were taught their letters and numerals by means of small ivory blocks, as at the present day. The pay of a teacher was thirty dollars a year, about one hundred times less than that of a ballet dancer.

CONTEMPT IN A RUSSIAN GIRLS' COLLEGE.—Not many weeks ago a lady of the highest society surprised one of the most aristocratic ladies' institutes in the Russian capital by her unexpected visit. Followed by the ladies of her suite, and accompanied, of course, by the enchanted directress of the institute, the high-born lady walked through the spacious apartments of the building and expressed much interest at what she saw. These, Anna Pawlowna, are your own private apartments, I suppose? she inquired of her companion. “They are, your imperial highness. This is my reception room, the next is my sitting-room, those two beyond are the sitting-rooms of my two daughters, and this last one we are entering now is their common dormitory.” Heavy curtains darkened the sanctum sanctorum, in which, as in all the other rooms, thick carpets deadened every noise, and thus had prevented the company from noticing the hasty steps of a fugitive, who, hunted from room to room and finding all the doors leading to the main corridor locked, had forcibly sought a hiding place in the aforesaid dormitory. “May I?” said her imperial highness to the directress and raised her hand to part the curtains, when suddenly there stood before them the tall form of a man, whose appearance caused terror and elicited an outcry from the bystanders. He stepped forth, and bowing low to the astonished grand duchess, said: “Your imperial highness will pard.”

His address was cut short, for the entourage could no longer suppress a smile, and the directress felt called upon to solve this masculine riddle. “Your imperial highness, this is Prof. K., my sister's husband, who,” “Who,” laughingly added the wife of the hereditary grand duke, “has been completely taken by surprise at our unexpected visit and mercifully persecuted by our advance, had to surrender at last in this his last place of refuge.” The singular capture of “my brother-in-law” has not failed to greatly amuse the circles of the upper-tendon of St. Petersburg.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.

The great chess match between the East and West of Scotland has excited so much interest among chess-players of the old country that we must be excused for alluding to it again in our Column this week. The defeat experienced by the East players in the late encounter seems to have been, to a great extent, unexpected, as in the four preceding contests with their rivals they had conquered without difficulty. It appears, however, that the amateurs of the West did what all sensible players will do when defeated, they discovered the cause of their want of success, and buckled to for another trial, at the same time improving their play as the best means to secure the object in view.

There seems to be much excitement in the West on account of this victory, and the Glasgow Weekly Herald contains a spirited song which, while testifying to the skill of the men of the East, rejoices in the result of the recent contest. We have only room for the following lines:

“The day came at last, and in battle array
The East met the West, but to vanish away,
And the crown of the East is submerged in the sea,
And no more crow Edina and cannie Dundee.”

From the Chess Player's Chronicle of May 10:
To the Editor of the Chess Player's Chronicle:

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly mention in your paper that I have challenged Herr Zukertort to a match for fifty, sixty, or seventy pounds a side, seven games up, draws not counting, time limit 15 moves per hour, four games a week. The match to commence about the middle of June. Yours most respectfully,

J. H. BLACKBURN.

It appears that the match between Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort has been arranged. The stakes are £100 a side, seven games up, draws not to count, and time limit, 15 moves an hour.

The following is the score in the championship tourney of the Manhattan Chess Club to and including the 25th inst.:

	Won.	Lost.
Wm. M. de Ni s r.....	4	1
F. M. Teed.....	4	1
D. G. Baird.....	2	1½
Louis Cohn.....	2	3
A. L. Grueter.....	1	3½
W. D. Cohn.....	1	4

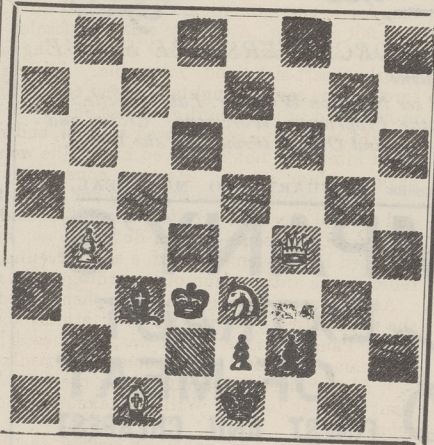
—Turf, Field and Farm.

In the match between the St. Louis amateurs and Mr. Mackenzie the latter has won 17, lost 1 and drawn 1.

PROBLEM No. 332.

By W. A. Shinkman.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 459TH.

THE CHESS MATCH AT ST. LOUIS.

(From the Globe-Democrat.)

Twelfth game in the match between Messrs. Judd and Mackenzie.

(French Defense.)

White.—(Mr. Mackenzie.)	Black.—(Mr. Judd.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 3
2. P to Q 4	2. P to Q 4
3. Kt to Q B 3	3. Kt to KB 3
4. P takes P	4. P takes P
5. Kt to B 3	5. B to Q 3
6. B to Q 3	6. Castles
7. Castles	7. P to Q B 3
8. B to K Kt 5	8. P to K R 3
9. B to R 4	9. B to K Kt 5
10. P to K R 3	10. B to K R 4
11. P to K Kt 4	11. B to K Kt 3
12. Kt to K 5 (a)	12. B takes B
13. Q takes B	13. Q Kt to Q 2 (b)
14. Kt takes Kt	14. Q takes Kt
15. E takes Kt	15. P takes B
16. P to B 4	16. K R to K sq
17. R to B 3	17. R to K 2
18. Kt to K 2	18. Q R to K sq
19. Kt to Kt 3	19. R to K 5 (c)
20. Q to Q 2	20. P to K B 4
21. P to Q B 3	21. Q to K 3
22. Kt takes R	22. P takes Kt

23. P to Q 5 (d)
24. R to Kt 3
25. K to Kt 2
26. R to Q sq
27. Q to K 2
28. R to K B sq
29. Q takes B P
30. R to K sq
31. Q R to K 3
32. P to K R 4
33. Q takes K P
34. A to R 3
35. Q to K 8 (g)
36. P to Kt 5
37. P takes P
38. R takes P (ch)
39. Q R to Kt 3
40. R to Kt 6 (ch)
41. Q R to Kt 5 (ch) (j)
42. R takes Q (ch)
43. Q to K 7 (ch)
44. Q takes B and wins.

23. Q to Q 2
24. P to B 5 (e)
25. B to Q B 4
26. Q to Q 3
27. Q takes B P
28. Q to Q 3
29. B to Kt 3
30. B to B 2
31. R to K 4
32. R takes P
33. R to Q 7 (ch)
34. R takes P (f)
35. K to Kt 2 (h)
36. B P takes P
37. P takes P
38. K to R 3
39. Q to Q sq (i)
40. K to R 4
41. Q takes R
42. K takes R
43. K to Kt 3

NOTES.

(a) B takes B, followed by Q Q 3, is also a good continuation.

(b) Injudicious, we think, for it gives Black the disadvantage of a doubled Pawn, besides exposing his King.

(c) B takes K B P would not answer, on account of the following:

20. R takes B
21. Kt K R 5, etc.

(d) If White had time to support this Pawn by P Q B 4, the present advance would be very effective; as it turns out, however, its merit is somewhat doubtful.

(e) Preventing White from supporting the Q P, and bringing his Bishop into formidable action.

(f) Q K B 5, as Mr. Judd afterwards remarked, would have been stronger.

(g) Should White try to exchange Rooks by R K 2 he is mated in two moves.

(h) Better to have interposed the Queen.

(i) If Q K 3 ch, White takes with Q, and then wins the B or checkmates.

(j) This wins, but clumsily, by brute force, as it were. How White, instead of checking with Rook, can mate in two moves, is a little problem which we leave to the penetration of our younger readers to discover.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 330.

1. Kt to Q 2
2. Mates acc.

1. Any

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 328.

WHITE.

1. B to K 7
2. Mates acc.

1. Any

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 329.

White.

- K at Q Kt 5
B at Q 7
B at Q R 5
Kt at K R 7
Pawns at K 7 and Q B 4

Black.

- K at Q 3
Pawn at Q B 4

White to play and mate in two moves.



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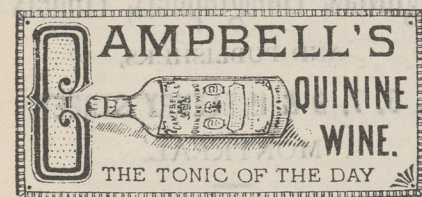
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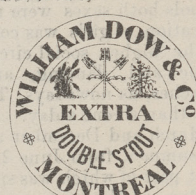
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